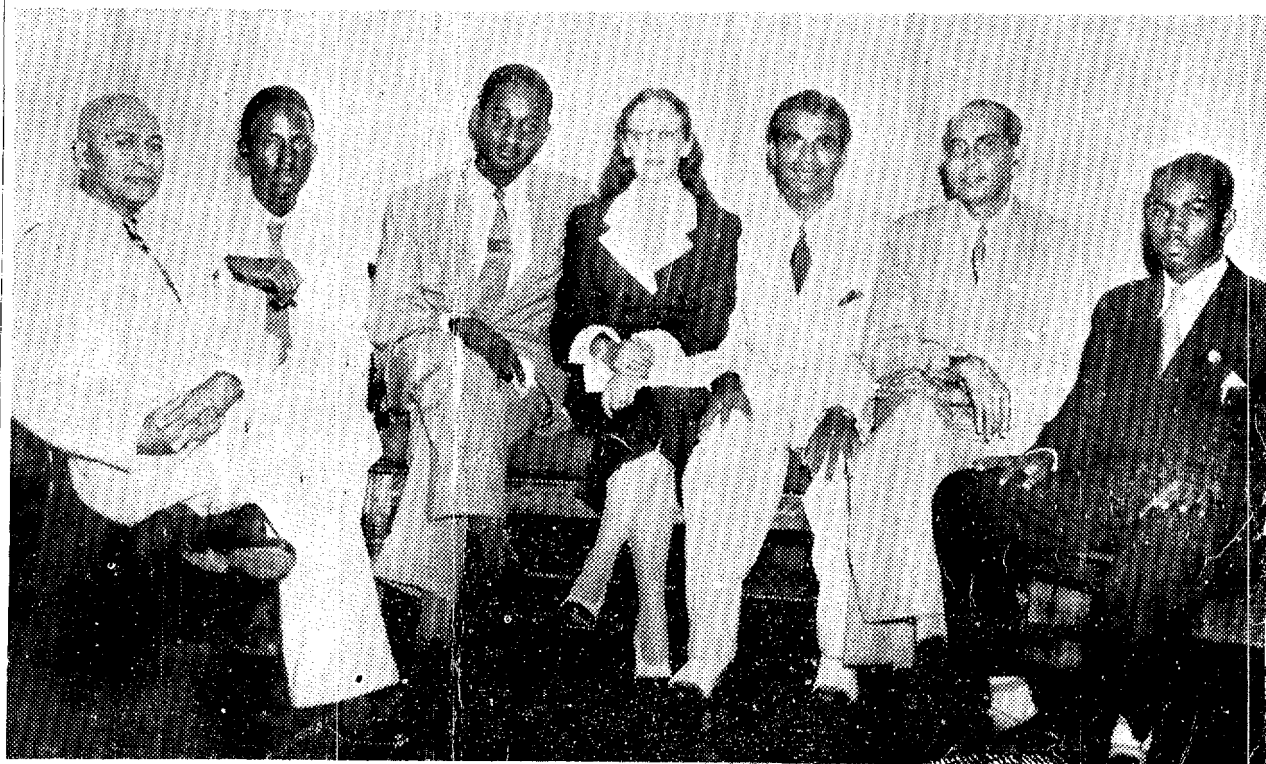


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FOR BRITISH WEST INDIES AND BRITISH GUIANA IN SOUTH AMERICA.**JULY AUG., 1953.****Price 36 cents****IN THIS ISSUE :****History-Makers
B.G. Elections****Tick, Tick, Tick****World Reaction****Ministers****A Queen is
Crowned****Man with the Wasp
Ireland****First Debate****THE PEOPLE'S MINISTERS**

L. to R. — Hons. Dr. J. P. Latchmingsingh (Health & Housing); Sydney King (Communications & Works);
L. F. S. Burnham (Education); Janet Jagan (Deputy Speaker); Cheddi Jagan (Agriculture, Lands & Mines);
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(See Imperial Affairs)

GUIANA TIMES

Guiana Times

News Magazine For B.G. And
The West Indies

BACKGROUND TO CURRENT COLONIAL NEWS

Vol. 4 No. 3 July-Aug., 1953

Editor & Publisher

PERCY E. ARMSTRONG

Editorial Office :

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AGENTS FOR

Guiana Times

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EDITOR'S MAIL BAG.

PEN PAL

6, Rockbourne Road,
Forrest Hill,
London,
S.E. 23.

Dear Sir,—

For sometime past, I have enjoyed reading your news-
paper. This has made me more and more interested in British Guiana.

I wish I were somewhere near to meet and see what I have read and
heard. My fellow students from that end have told me of 'great stories'
which have made me well abreast to events happening there.

I wish to learn more and more so could your newspaper get me some
pen pals, preferably females to make it more interesting, who wish to
exchange views with me.

I am a coloured student here taking a course in structural engineer-
ing, I am twenty-two years old and interested in things of everyday life.

Yours, etc.,

M. N. GWIRA.

BACK-TO-AFRICA HOAX

53, Upper Bent Street,
Georgetown, Demerara.

Sir,—

Kindly accept best congratulations for your December issue
which was grand. I am particularly impressed by your exposé of the
"£70,000,000 Back-to-Africa hoax". Keep it up.....

Wishing you....the best publishing success.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN A. PARRIS.

Dear Sir,—

I was one of those who saw red when you first wrote the
story of the Coptic Archbishop sometime last year. I had sworn not to
read it again. At the same time I swallowed almost all the propaganda
about the Coptic ship until someone showed me your December num-
ber. Believe me it was a revelation. And since he came back to B.G.
we discovered it was all true. He still thinks people of this country are
very ignorant because I read his statement in the press last week in
which he said if we could only give him £50,000 he would get the ship
tomorrow.

Thank you very much.

—name withheld—

Keep tuned to this station. There may be more developments on
this matter later.—Ed. C.T.

RED HAND

Your Elections number of the "Guiana Times" was the most interesting
and entertaining journal I have read for a long time. I was particularly
interested in the first article 'Imperial Affairs' in which you tried to ex-
plain the whole colonial scene behind all the constitutional changes. It
should be recommended for study by all Guianese. As for the talk about
'communist' I had grown sick of the term. Still I have to think a great
deal as I read about the sinister 'Redhand' behind the B.G. General Elec-
tions. Your magazine is doing a great job.

J. CARRINGTON.

95, Harbour Street,
Kingston, Jamaica.

Somebody should edit this magazine. No offence. Good Editing
gives prestige.

EVON BLAKE.

Thanks Evon. We have staff troubles all down the line — Ed.

Guiana Times

NEWS MAGAZINE FOR BRITISH GUIANA & WEST INDIES

CARIBBEANNA

HISTORY MAKERS!

THURSDAY morning April 30th Coronation visitors had already begun to converge on Britain from every corner of the globe. London's skies looked greyer than usual as though grown hoary with the passage of time and centuries of world shaking events. From the historic buildings of Carlton House Terrace that once housed the German Embassy, any occupant could see the changing of the Guards at Buckingham Palace and the ancient Tower of London on the cloudy skyline.

More than a decade ago, in one of these beautiful Terrace buildings Hitler's tough Ambassador Herr Von Ribbentrop held his last fiesta. It ushered in the second great war of the age and changed the fate of nations. Now in the same setting an entirely different kind of historic development was in the making—but with the least possible interest to busy Londoners below.

Some fifteen delegates from Britain's remaining American colonies had arrived in London and picked the site to settle their traditional differences of opinions. It took two weeks to argue down the issues, involved into a brief concise document of agreements. Finally on that day—last plenary session was to be a great document-signing ceremony of the momentous agreements with all the pomp of modern publicity business.

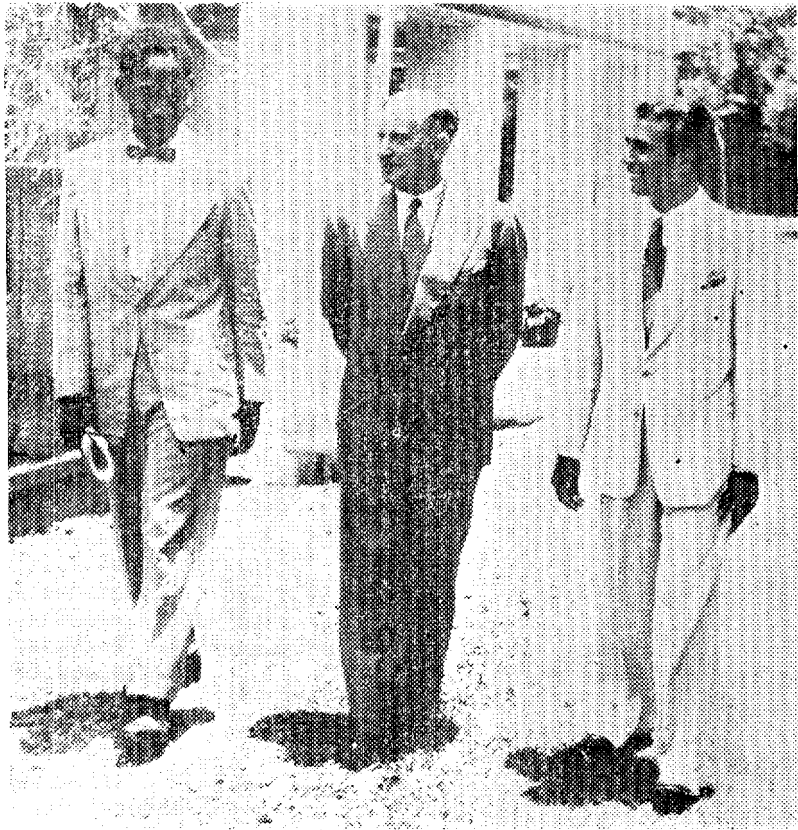
Precisely at 10.30 that morning as the chimes of Big Ben sequestered in the ancient Tower floated across the misty London air, delegates began to congregate. At 12 minutes to noon in solemn procession they began filing past a low table before a battery of whirling movie and television cameras recording machines and pressmen to affix their signatures to the imposing document. The historic document designed to bring Bwindia

into one federal autonomy was a second stage in the birth of a new Caribbean Dominion.

First to step forward was Britain's Conservative party Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton inheritor of a great jig-saw-problem-fixing job of converting Elizabeth's "dominions beyond the seas" into independent

St. Vincent's J. A. Baynes and Trinidad's Albert Gomes and L. C. Hannays. Last to sign the document was Britain's Economic Secretary of the Treasury R. A. Maulding who is to sign the big government cheque for £500,000 just to start the Bwindian Federation on the road to success. He was really deputising

BRITISH GUIANA'S BIG THREE.



Governor Sir Alfred Savage and friends (Burnham and Jagan)
Will it be co-operation or discord?

dependent little nations. Next to fellow was tiny Antigua's V. C. Bird, Barbados' Grantley Adams, Dominica's G. A. Winston, Jamaica's formidable team F. A. Glaspole, Douglas Judah and Lester Simmonds; St. Kitts' H. A. Davis and St. Lucia's Carl La Corbiniere and

for Minister of State Lord Munster who chaired all the working committees. Notable signatures absent from the document were those of delegates of mainland colonies of British Guiana and British Honduras. They sent observers to observe,

CARIBBEANNA

DUM HAEC GERUNTUR

BUT while all these things were going on in the centre of British Civilisation, equally momentous events were taking place in the little British colony, 6,000 miles away on the South American mainland that should have had its delegates' in the signature-signing parade in London.

In the first General Elections with universal adult suffrage a "Peoples Government" was climbing into power under the first liberal constitution ever dished out at the very outset to a territory emerging from British Colonial status. The new "Peoples Government" operating with the resonant name of Peoples Progressive Party in one of the most fantastic electioneering campaign ever seen in the country was committed to an equally fantastic pledge of national independence with the establishment of a new social and economic order based on the principles of Karl Marx.—to break away from the British Commonwealth and eventually to establish a great Socialist State of Peoples democracy. Said the party manifesto (couched in emotional double talk commie fashion) **"Only with independence will the opportunity for establishing of socialism in our country be possible"**.

Extraordinary pledge was dedicated to one immediate objective—undermining the economic hold of the country's main industry—sugar that was the veritable lifeblood of nearly ½-a million inhabitants utterly dependent on foreign capital and enterprises. In place of this \$150,000,000 centuries-old British Colonial investment, new Peoples Government will establish state-run industries either by nationalisation or state capitalism and a mild form of collectivist farms from abandoned sugar estates.

Great curtain raiser of this hell raising Greek melodrama is handsome debonaire 35-year-old dental surgeon Dr. Cheddi Jagan now Leader of the new government and Minister of Lands, Mines and Agriculture in complete control of the fortunes and future of the industry he had grown to dispise.

After six years of systematic propaganda spilling about the

glories of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the war-mongering of Anglo-American imperialist exploiters he climbed to the height of his ambition when a deluded populace, convinced of his plans for a great socialist state like Russia would solve unemployment problem and give them "free health service and free secondary education," uncompromisingly enthruisted the running of their country to him and his colleagues to carry out his extra-ordinary welfare state.

Just a few hours before the great document-signing ceremony in London Dr. Jagan all flushed with victory in his native prosperous sugar estate district of Central Corentyne Berbice screamed out in exultation: "This is a victory against the big gods of the Colony, a victory against sugardom, a victory against Bookers, a victory for the people." He was addressing 5,000 yelling hysterical Port Mourant East Indian estate labourers that jampacked the roadway outside Aucklyne Scots school. Returning officer Milton Collins had announced the sweeping score of 6,228 votes out of the 8,067 recorded in the electoral district. He virtually swamped out of existence his nearest rival elderly New Amsterdam Mayor, Dr. L. G. Sharples, one time worshipped almost like a god in his district.

ABOUT the same time some 300 miles to the west along the economically prostrate Essequibo coast district in a background of decayed sugar factories, and abandoned estates, his American-born white wife Janet Rosenberg Jagan looking twice as attractive with a red rose stuck in her long tresses her face tired but flushed with victory waited breathlessly for the last figures to announce her complete victory over her nearest rival, prosperous resident Deroop Maraj. Earlier in her campaign she had established headquarters in the Indian crowded village of Johanna Cecilia and climaxed her whirlwind campaign with as many as 51 short meetings per weekend. In little short stops to road-side audience that waited until late, sometimes without food, to hear her precious

words in sonorous American wit, she told them how sugar was responsible for all their ills, and what P.P.P. will do when they got into power. When returning officer magistrate Jailal announced her enormous lead the screaming emotional women in the Suddie court room hushed their voices to hear her dramatically announce, "It was a boxing match and now I have taken off my glove and thrown it down". Some wept with joy others garlanded her. Then women lifted her high to a waiting car for a triumphant tour of the Coast. They gave her bouquets of lilacs, bouquets of hibiscus, bouquets of lavanders, bouquets of oleanders and bouquets of roses. She was smothered underneath.

Meanwhile in Georgetown northeast an even more wilder scene was being enacted. A huge hysterical crowd almost all Negroes, bore on high youthful 29-year-old lingua potent B.G.L.U. president Barrister Linden Sampson Forbes Burnham, and yelled "A Daniel come to Judgement". Then they called for a victory speech. Said he "Today you have elected me your Sampson to be your representative in the new House of Assembly. In electing me you have not merely elected a person but you have elected the chairman and candidate of the most militant fearless and sincere party that has ever been seen in the annals of the history of British Guiana." Then he made a complete reversal from the vigorous moon promises that characterised the party campaign. "...I do not say it is an era in which our streets will be paved with gold or strewn with diamonds or our stomachs filled with milk and honey. It will be an era of struggle against those who have oppressed us in the past—an era which will eventually conclude seeing the people of British Guiana free and independent citizens of the world." He had cleared his nearest rival N.D.P. Physician candidate Dr. Jairam Bessesar by 5,042 votes.

The Jagan—Burnham and Jagan team was the stellar combination of the **dramatis personae** of a great colonial historical drama that went on stage in a blaze of world flood lights.

Guiana Times.

CARIBBEANNA

GREEK TRAGEDY

ACCORDING to Aristotle the Greek philosopher an authority on the subject, tragedy must be serious, complete and of a certain magnitude. The action as a whole, working out as a "Manifestation of fate". High tragedy must not be confused with pathos and gloom or mere unhappy ending. And the

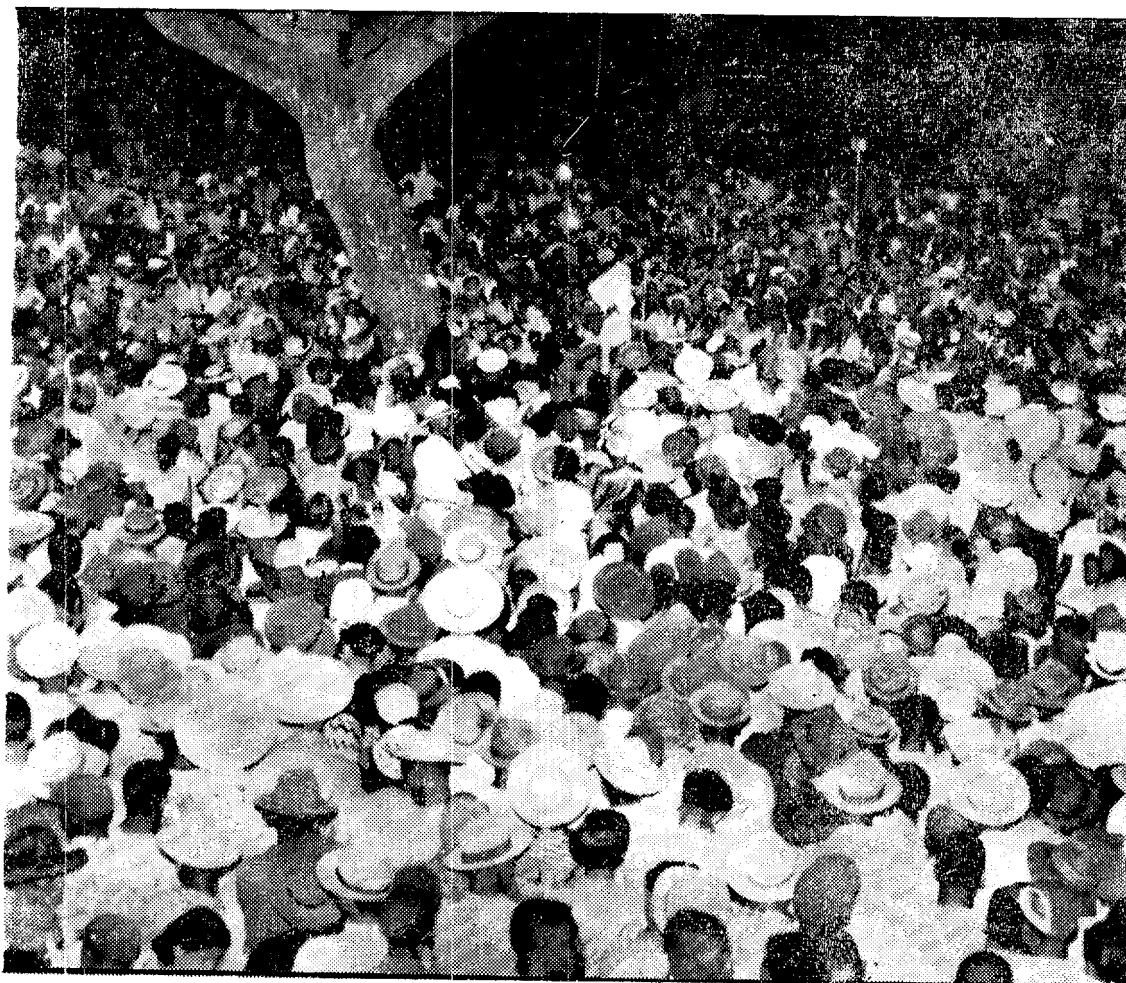
convinced in the goodness of an experiment with a strange imported unworkable ideologies that branded the country's name abroad as "Communist dominated". So the critics had a field day. The tragedy, said they, was that the people swept away with an emotional flood tide failed to elect a government conducive to the inflow of

engulfed in the grips of the very monster they painstakingly built with ardour. So the critics wrung their hands in distress.

Wailed Mark Anthony in the famous shakespearean tragedy Julius Caesar.

"O judgement thou art fled to brutish beast.
And men have lost their reason."

THE NIGHT OF APRIL 26.



LINGUAPOTENT LYNDEN ELECTRIFIES THE CONCOURSE

On Linden when the sun is low
All breathless lay the untrodden snow.....

key to Aristotle's definition is "Magnitude". Greek and shakespearean heroes were princes kings and generals. But the heroes in this colonial drama were theoretical politicians in the role of social scientists, not riding on any native nationalist movement but sincerely

immense needy foreign capital and skill in studied channels to solve major problems—growing unemployment and land utilisation. That the heroes of the drama having built themselves a huge monster of public expectations with delusions of grandeur will soon find themselves

Hardly had the new Government been swept into power than calamity—howling jeremiahs put on their modern sack cloth and ashes and filled the air with the same mournful cry. But these jeremiahs could not understand that it had to be a blatantly militant left wing political party like the Marx model-

July/August, 1953

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led P.P.P. that could have swept the polls so thoroughly. Big reason for the terrific left wing swing had nothing what ever to do with communist cry, but purely the psychological fact that the average Guianese was a thoroughly frustrated human animal.

From the relatively highly-paid civil servant with his six-months passage-paid full-pay leave privilege, down to the cutlass welding sugar estate cane cutter, everybody had a chip on his shoulder—over what he himself hardly knew. Complained a young civil servant. "They are bringing blue eyed foreigners to fill every big job when local men could do it" His chip was that he had an inter-Arts certificate. Although a comparative junior in the service he wanted accelerated promotion and couldn't get. It made him mad with the whole system. "One chap too old for the service with no training for anything else joined up the P.P.P. 'Peace Committee'. His squak: 'Blooming imperialist exploiters got people walking the road looking for work'. A Water Street clerk fretted 'Bin talkin' all these years about improvement—where's the improvement?' Snorted a water front worker 'Bookers and them meking all the big profits and we working foe starvation wages'. His worry was that his weekly pay couldn't stretch far enough to return his friends compliment over a biggie at John Bull rum shop. So he spoke his mind. A sugar estate worker complained 'Dey wont gie we lan' foe graze cow and gat so much lan' all about'. A plump domestic had her score 'If yu see wha she (the mistress) does gie me foe eat den stingin' with market money'. While a wealthy Mahaica rice farmer who under special concession applied for a rebate on customs dues for his rice tractor and got rejected exploded 'Demmit what sort of government we got at all'. A struggling commission agent who couldn't get goods down from Britain fast enough and cheap enough whined 'We sick of importing only from England. Why they can't give us currency to import from America. His main complaint: he couldn't get to buy from America

but wasn't concerned whether or not America bought any goods from his country to provide currency for him to import from America. He contended Britain was stopping the trade for her own selfish purpose. While a roadside politician looking for someone to argue declared "We want freedom from economic slavery". "Meaning what" queried an adversary. "Improved conditions etc. The English people had we for years and havn't done a thing. We want we own and yu kin see what they do" "Yes with Hot air" snarled his opponent. Thus it was when all-conquering P.P.P. came along and switched on their mikes full blast with high pressure political propaganda with magnificent promises to fix all grouses, the populace hugged them with delight.

THE CAMPAIGN

TRADING on the great emotional upsurge P.P.P. walked on air. Choosing for political

scapegoats all so called "Capitalists exploiters" they directed their campaign with high reactionary fervour and left a doctrine and tradition of hatred by the "have-nots" for the "haves". In Berbice rain-maker Dr. Jagan promised them all the land they wanted. They would snatch it from sugar estates, break it up into 15 acre lots as soon as he and his party got into power. Bellowed his marxist first lieutenant "Like the armies of Molenkov we shall march forth to victory". They did.

In New Amsterdam P.P.P. big-wigs converged like fire floats on a flaming ship to pump powerful jets of propaganda in support of communist Peace committee candidate—now-ex-civil servant Martin Carter. First nighter performance was a sell-out. Townsfolk crowded out the Esplanade to hear them explain the importance of the party system in the new government. But when Martin as last speaker started to explain socialism they

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CARIBBEANNA

all slipped away until he found himself speaking to almost empty street corners.

In Georgetown as the campaign reached its high point Barrister Burnham with his magnetic sentence-telling mob oratory, punctuated with great doses of emotional Omar Khayyam verses joined his team mate passionate admired tradeunionist Ashton Chase to work the electorate to a great pitch of emotion, then tailored their propaganda to suit every occasion and district. In the "Tiger Bay redlighted" area only thing they forgot to promise was better accommodation for the furtive female figures looking down through shutters from Madrid, Eldorado and other dens. But they promised free houses for every worker living in the packed area. All the worker would do is to move into one of the many new cottages built with cash from frequent raids on Sir Edwin McDavid's left over millions, then pay 10% of his wages (to be increased with P.P.P. in power.) After 25 years they'd stop paying and the cottages would be all theirs. When opponents and press condemned them as a marxist modeled godless Party, chairman Burnham in Kitty led them in Hymn singing

**"Sound the loud timbrels o'er
Egypt's dark sea
Jehovah has triumphed his people
are free.**

While sister Jessie turned each cuss-de-government" session into a prayer meeting. It was propaganda -- technique *par excellence*.

Finally on Sunday before V-day the vastest concourse of Pepians summoned from every part of the city converged on Bourda Green to hear the last sermon on the Green. That night cinemas played to empty seats. City streets were literally drained of people as they sardined themselves from end to end on the great Green while top party rabble-rouser Aubrey Alleyne proceeded to work them up to the right pitch. Like infant school children he once taught, he frenzied them to the chorus of "Rie chick chie congalav" before the parade of mob orators began.

Late the evening to the cry of

"we want the Prime minister" Star performer Burnham took the populace by storm. As his magnificent figure appeared before the mike in full view, the crowd became charged with emotional high tension. The atmosphere became electric as his clear crisp tones rang out through the midnight air. First he called upon central women voters to put his sister Jessie in. "Put Jessie in," he warred, as some 30,000 hero-worshippers hung on to his every syllable. Next he went to work on the capitalist press for the constant lacing he and his party got. Then he brought the

Momentarily he paused for dramatic effect and the proverbial pin was heard to drop. It was the most brilliant and high powered oration that was to cap a high powered electioneering campaign. Had the polling stations been opened then only P.P.P. votes would have been recorded.

"LICKS LIKE PEAS"

ODDLY enough voting day looked like a Sunday at noon with its dead quietude. Steel helmeted police, reserve volunteers, tear gas squads and special police who torried themselves about the

VAE VICTIS — WOE TO THE CONQUERED.



**Conqueror Burnham and Vanquished Bessassar.
"A Daniel come to judgement".**

heavens down on his equally brilliant but unhappy adversary Lionel Luckhoo sulking in the night shade of unpopularity for denouncing them all as a comic lot in his supplement. In vexation he belatedly "We shall go to the polls tomorrow—quietly, silently without excitement. We shall win every seat. We shall win 23 seats—Oh I beg your pardon—we shall win 22 seats." Then he broke into the inevitable quotation.

**On Linden when the sun is low
All bloodless lay the untrodden
snow."**

city at odd intervals looked like intrusions. Biggest damage they did was to intimidate from voting thousands of timid middle and upper class votes particularly old ones, who would have voted anti-P.P.P. Below that every tom dick and beharrilal from Alms House inmate to range room tenant using the vote for the first time found their polling booth.

By Tuesday morning early when results poured in, it staggered the higher ups. All five city seats were P.P.P. hands. Biggest blow came

CARIBBEANNA

when big hearted, big business big John Fernandes after years of charity-sharing and goodwill preaching found himself swept into political oblivion by infant school teacher Jessie. Said he suppressing his chagrin. "I'll have a good rest for the next four years". But a Water Street colleague complained "I got bad feelings when I heard".

IN North Georgetown L.C.P. Vice-President Dr. Jacob Nicholson who four years before created a big upset by sweeping Bookers chief (now Sir) Fredrick Seaford out of existence on a race ticket found himself a political corpse by retired Transport man P.P.P.'s Frank Van Sertima new in toils of an election petition testing vote secrecy. Silently he wept. "After all I've done for my people". In South Central popular John Carter who in 1947 moved on the same high powered popular sentiment wave that now swept Barrister Burnham to glory went down before P.P.P.'s Clinton Wong, while popular Peter D'Aguiar after promising extended business activities in slum packed Albouystown to relieve workless lost his great bid for political honours in the avalanche of votes for Ashton Chase.

From the country, reports came in with baited breath. Dr. J. B. Singh who wanted four more years to complete a quarter of century of Leg-coing was nosed out of position by former sugar estate shoveller-nan Fred Bowman. Like Dr. Nicholson his team mate to Coronation Celebrations in London he wept bitterly. Irish born Captain J. P. Coghlan whose monumental effort in the Bridge-the-river fight made him confident of putting his ideas into reality when he got back, saw his dreams go up in smoke as the P.P.P. juggernaut rolled on sweeping Jai Narine Singh before him. In Mahaicony district fiery Dan Debidin whose signature appeared on the Nicol report that hinted at shift system found himself on the touch line, by P.P.P.'s Sam Persaud. What non-plussed Dan during the campaign was Sam's expert use of Hindi. For hours on end his oriental monosyllables entranced vast crowds telling them

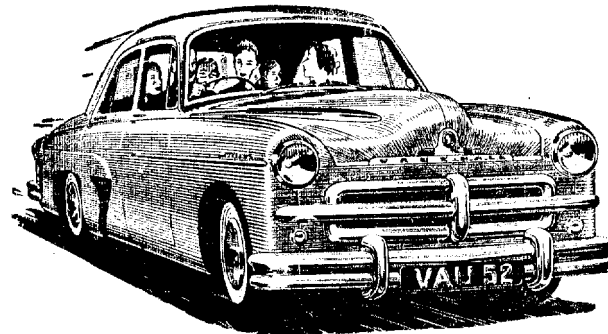
such nice things about Dan, which he couldn't understand nor collect or in a slander action. Listeners listened, rocked their heads from side to side and said Ha-ha, in unison.

Only survivors of the old stages were Theo Lee in the Essequibo Islands where he knocked out Sirpaul Jagan, Cheddie's dentist brother seeking a ride on the band waggon, W. A. Phang in North West District, met stiff opposition from P.P.P.'s Waggonrider Amos Rangela, but scored a straight K.O. In New Amsterdam Ruddy Kendal scored a smashing victory over his

formidable P.P.P. communist candidate Martin Carter. Unhappily for Martin he was neither a Berbican nor very Godly.

131 candidates faced 206,816 voter-electorate 154,429 cast valid votes. P.P.P. candidates polled 77,333 or just about 51 per cent of the cast votes, nevertheless they lived up to their great boast to "Share licks like Peas" with 18 seats out of 24 giving them complete run of the Government, to pick their ministers and at the same time furnish no excuse whatever or political scapegoat, for not carrying out their big promises.

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—*Shakespeare Henry VIII Act 3, Scene 2.*

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July/August, 1953

9

INTERNATIONAL

World Reaction . . .

IN 1951 when British did an extraordinary thing by opening Accra's Fort James Prison gates and turned the rich Gold Coast country over to Marxist reactionary Dr. Kwame Nkruma as prime minister, on a liberal constitution, the world looked on with amazement. Big reasons: (1) unlike the equally illiterate masses of India, who had centuries of tradition behind them, firmly entrenched in complicated religious beliefs, the 4,000,000 Gold Coast Africans were not even a century away from primitivism and might be bewildered by pace of modern westernisation; (2) unlike the West Indies, where illiteracy was becoming a negligible factor, with a hard core of middle class intelligentsia, Gold Coast had an almost entirely unschooled population dominated by a few city-bred often English-educated intellectuals. These in turn, while in Britain, had already fallen under the spell of Cominform indoctrinations. Questions the world asked then: (1) while political advancement may reach out into modernism, could the population with corresponding speed be converted into a modern industrial society so necessary for independence all by themselves? (2) Will the untold millions of foreign investments in the country, such as the multi-million-dollar cocoa industry (source of Gold Coast prosperity) and manganese mining etc., now under the ceaseless exploitation—propaganda battery of the Cominform, move into the Soviet sector.

Nevertheless, while Malan in South Africa shot his head off about Negro equality in Commonwealth, and is preparing to jump out if Gold Coast becomes a Dominion ex-school teacher Gbedemah (now Minister of Health and Labour) who deputized for Nkruma while in Prison, explained the typical colonial argument—packed full of emotional atomic energy but lacking in political logic. "We don't give two damns about your multi-million pound cocoa industry which you brought from nothing or law and order and good communications you gave us, but we positively hate racial domination with whiteman being called master and blackman

working for 4s. per day". And so along with Cambridge—Educated left-wing Kajo Botsio (now Minister of Education and Social Welfare) he organised Gold Coast CPP on the identical lines made familiar to B.G. by P.P.P. and with the same political emotionalism as P.P.P., they directed the campaign with highest reactionary fervour. It scored them 34 out of 38 seats on the cry of "Self-government now". The British took the attitude, "Go slow you little blokes you've got lots to learn before you get self government our way—like India, and not Stalin's way". In Accra a British official said "You can't expect these people to learn to govern themselves unless you give them real responsibility! To which late Ernie Bevin added at a Labour Party conference. "We are leading them along the road which India has gone to freedom". But is the road to freedom, British way or Stalin's way?

IN British Guiana Gbedemah's counterpart ex-school teacher Sydney King new Minister of works and communications) thoroughly indoctrinated with communist pre-

paganda in his first legislative speech as a member of the Government blamed America for preventing Peace in the world. After joining his party colleagues in railing on the \$150,000,000 local sugar industry, British Imperialism and restricted Constitution for the B.G. he declared "Our Party is nothing but a broad democratic alliance against Imperialism" — except of course Soviet imperialism which to him is really a peace loving liberation campaign of down trodden oppressed masses.

Thus People's Progressive Party victory in British Guiana was the biggest political event in modern colonial history. The News that April week was picked up by Soviet News agency Tass, later heard in B.G. over Belgrade radio. British news agencies, after distributing tidings over millions-circulating British dailies and big provincials, carried the news out to East Asia and West Africa where they made big headlines. The news after being swamped in American press and radio by highly organised AP and UP press services received more than usual size headlines in Ameri-

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can newspapers and tabloid Latin American neighbours biggest target for Kremlin activities stopped to listen on their wireless and read the news with interest in their Spanish language newspapers. Figuratively the world stood still to listen to what was going on in little British Guiana—why because the news carried one overpowering significance: the inhabitants of the little British Colony on the South American mainland were the first British colony, on their own free will to elect for their first popular government, people hostile to the American and British systems and great worshippers of the Peoples democracies of the Soviet union.

British Broadcasting Corporation with typical British understatement modestly announced that "left wing" political party had gained majority seats American Time with a world circulated reported that the colony had returned the "first group of communist leaders ever to rule in the British Empire". While All-Negro Pittsburg Courier headlined "REDS WIN GUIANA INVESTORS HOLDING UP". And all the reports centred around brilliant marxist revolutionary Dr. Cheddi Jagan and his American wife Janet. Promptly b'g British and American News papers tried to put through trans-Atlantic press interviews with the Jagans. First to make contact was New York Daily News. They made one demand "Do you receive Red gold Mrs. Jagan?" Shouted back Janet "No". Next contact came from London Daily Express. They wanted to know if Moscow helped. Each time Janet shouted back through the atmospheric the same answer "No".

Top American Syndicated columnist Drew Pearson sent America hysterical about communists in the back door of Panama Canal. In his Syndicated coast to coast article Drew Pearson declared "Both British and American authorities were stunned by communist sweep in British Guiana's recent elections. The reds parading under the banner of the Peoples Progressive Party won 18 seats out of 24 in the House of Assembly. This means the communists are in complete control of the legislature and will have a major voice in running this British crown colony." He added, "the only way to prevent communist control

would be to take away the people's new political independence and restore full authoritarian power of the British Governor. However the British fear this would boomerang and drive even more native into communist arms". Then he summed up "The man responsible for the red coup in British Guiana is Cheddi Jagan a tough ruthless Communist agent who studied dentistry in the United States but got his political training behind the Iron Curtain. He is now red boss of the House of Assembly, which means that Moscow, in effect is giving orders to British Colonial legislature".

But People in British Guiana do not think of Dr. Jagan as tough ruthless but a progressive young man who will soon fill their pockets with

WFTU, from executives of the Communist front C.L.C. in London, from B. W. I. commie chief in Jamaica Richard Hart, from John La Rose Quintin O'conner and 'banned boys' of the so-called West Indian Independence Party" and scores of others.

As a rule the Jagans have one of the two pat replies to a straight question "Are you a communist" it is either 'no comment' or a general lambasting of all people opposed to their "progressive ideas" winding up with words of praise for that noble wonderful country with its working class governments. Thus when Pressmen cracked down on them for a victory statement, they heard Dr. Jagan say "It seemed strange that only now it should be



**Dr. Jagan among East German communist workers in 1951.
Last month they objected to Communist form of liberation**

money, provide well-paid Government Jobs, for every progressive young man like himself, more land for farmers and Fridgidaire for Labourers with hot air, he is the most regular guy outside politics. But the country earned the world reputation "Communist Dominated."

Meanwhile congratulations poured in, from all leftiest people the world over. From V.V. Kurnetsov, Soviet Commissar of Trades Union whom Dr. Jagan met on his 1951 trip behind the iron curtain—from top British Communist Party bosses in King Street Henry Pollitt and Palme Dutte, Cominform architects from colonial socialist territories; from Billy Strachan Jamaican-born agent of Communist party in London, his friend Ferdie Smith assistant secretary of communist

made known from the colonial office that there was no record of Communists connections by me or my party".

Confused over the situation London Daily Express ignoring local correspondent Paul Persaud cabled its Buenos Aires man, Rene Mac Cell to hop over to B.G. and see how the wind blows. Tall giant looking Rene breezed into B.G. early one May mornnig by Pan Air plane. At Park Hotel Georgetown he told local pressmen over glasses of rum and cokes and 'Tom Collins. "When a colony like this with its first self-government constitution wants to break out of the Commonwealth that's news". He and Paul trotted around to see the Jagans and later described Jane' as being "very beautiful and she was

INTERNATIONAL

all in smiles". Then he reported her. "We want a complete break away from the British Commonwealth. We are sick and tired of being tied to Britain and hampered at every turn by England's selfish economic policies. Then MacColl put the inevitable question "Are you Communists". Back came the answer "All lies, lies. I am not a Communist and I have never been to Moscow". But next day she slated MacColl for quoting her as saying they wanted a complete break with the Commonwealth but what she meant was 'national independence'. MacColl didn't see the difference in this double talk so he trotted around to Party chairman L. F. S. Burnham. He took with him an armful of the Party's Communist-line Thunder and picked out all commie-talk. Said Barrister Burnham like a shrewd politician "Because the party refused to be anti-Communist and witch-hunters, but the party is not Communist".

MacColl decided it was a waste of time hoping or expecting a self-confession. Even if the hammer and sickle were flying over public buildings there'll be still devout denials and Molenkov would agree it wasn't a Soviet flag. So when MacColl filed his story to Daily Express it made all Guianese who read it sick with disgust. Then to add to the confusion Deputy Speaker Mrs. Janet Jagan despite denials of Communism announced her intention to attend a Communist-sponsored women's conference in Copenhagen sponsored by the Women's version of the World Peace movement with headquarters in East Berlin and financed by U.S.S.R.

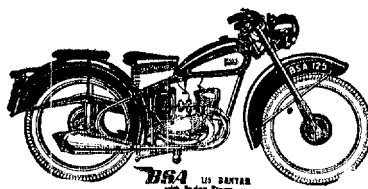
At the same time noisy Jamaica demigod Alexander Bustamante arrived in London as Coronation guest and Jamaica's delegate to Commonwealth Ministers conference. He went also on a loan-seeking venture and virtually yelled "Help! help the commies are coming". He told London if he didn't get a loan quickly Jamaica would go Communist like B.G. Back in B.G. at a Bourda green meeting Chairman Burnham called him an empty-headed demagogue whose day is coming to an end. At the same time he made good use of his type of demagoguery to call for and shares in the party's so-called "People's

free press". Like the famous case of Coptic Archbishop and his \$10 back to Africa scheme. The funds for the People's free Press" rolled in like sweepstakes tickets. Nobody asked about interest rates or shares in profit.

First big industry to be financed from public subscription under the new Government is a huge propaganda mill where workers will go to work for high wages to produce a "peoples FREE press."

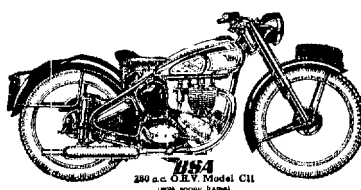
But even as the new government came into being one retired

post office official with his life savings and retirement lumpsum salted away on the P.O. Savings Bank promptly collected every cent and walked over to the commercial bank. Another with two daughters in England declared "Never could tell what these chaps 'll do. I'm sending every cent to the children." In two days the run on P.O. Savings bank was to the tune of approximately \$84,000 that P.M.G. Kirkpatrick and Treasury officials had to rush down to see what's happening. Later they issued a "nothing-to-fear" communique.



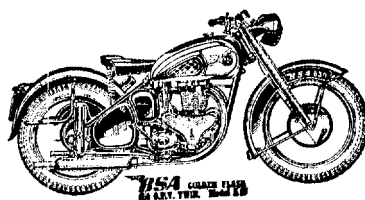
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IMPERIAL AFFAIRS

Coronation . . .**A QUEEN IS CROWNED**

IN an age when the very idea of monarchy is being swept by the awful current of time into the abyss of oblivion, the world literally gasped with wonder and sent up a rapturous cheer on the morning of June 2 when His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury the Very Reverend Dr. Godfrey Fisher placed on the head of the slight girlish figure of Elizabeth Alexandra Mary Windsor of Britain, the heavy centuries-old glittering golden Imperial State Crown studded with 2,783 diamonds, 27 pearls and a host of lesser gems that proclaimed her Elizabeth II Queen of this realm (British Isles) and her other realms, (Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Pakistan, Ceylon); and territories, (Crown Colonies); head of the Commonwealth (including the republic of India), Defender of the Faith (Anglican religion). The girlish figure with the appealing lovely dignity ushered into being an entirely new age in the 1,100 odd years history of the British Throne. Ceremony of the crowning of this woman monarch, in the foreground of a great conference of her Commonwealth Prime Ministers began a new chapter in almost every phase of Imperial affairs.

After more than a year of the most expensive and elaborate preparations for the greatest and most impressive show in world history, Britons went *en fete* in an orgy of emotional loyalty, love, faith and confidence in their institution of the Throne.

On the eve of her Coronation, the young Queen saluted the new Elizabethan age with a shower of honours for those who represented its adventure, achievement and spirit. Never before did any monarch bestow so many peerages, orders and knighthoods on figures in all walks of life and throughout her Commonwealth. In a combined birthday and coronation honours list she honoured from Archbishop (who crowned her) to jockey who rode her father's horses to victory.

Starting from her immediate family circle Queen Elizabeth included a wide variety of awards to politicians, dress makers, sports-

men, musicians, atom age scientists, jet pilots, her own soldiers fighting in Korea, Malaya, and Kenya, and last but by no means least, dark-skinned colonials, sailing lights in Law, Finance and Administration in their own territories. Then as if to prove there were still more worlds to conquer in the already conquered world some of her intrepid subjects picked upon the highest spot on face of the earth 29,002 foot Mount Everest Peak where no human foot has ever trod and conquered it for a coronation gift to their Queen. So thrilled was she that half an hour before moving out of Buckingham Palace to have the heavy crown placed on her head at the ancient Abbey of Westminster she sent a personal telegram to her minister at Katmandu Nepal which stated: **"Please convey to Colonel Hunt and members of British Expedition, my warmest congratulations on their great**

achievement in reaching Mount Everest."

IN that extraordinary day of the year long before dawn, London was awake. Millions of her subjects and people from every part of the globe lined the six-mile coronation route from the Palace to the Abbey to watch the most magnificent spectacle of a lifetime. Early that morning she stepped down the clearing courtyard of Buckingham into a great gleaming gold coach that seemed to appear from the great fairy story cinderella pumpkin. Actually the coach, dug from out the storied past was ordered nearly two centuries before by her more flamboyant ancestor George II for his coronation. It was delivered nearly a year behind schedule by its Danish coach builder and King George took nearly as long to pay the bill of £7587.19.9½. The great four-ton monster whose

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swaying rocking and creaking made it a veritable nightmare for monarchs of bygone years to travel on their way to such coronation ceremonies was pulled out of its museum-piece stables by all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men taken apart in little pieces to have every bolt tightened, every gilt edge glistened and every trapping burnished to gleaming brilliance. Then they put them back together again into the glittering fairy tale coach that was to take a real-life Queen on real life fairy-tale journey.

All along the six-mile troop-lined route some 2,000,000 men, women and children among them some 200,000 from her "dominions beyond the seas," ensconced themselves on flag-decked rooftops or improvised stands and queues where they slept all night beneath the chilly sky in rain and sleet in order not to miss the sight of a lifetime. As the flaming gold coach drawn by eight gorgeously caparisoned precision-trained grey horses containing the young Queen and her handsome Consort burst into view, the crowds let out a rapturous roar that convoluted up and down the misty firmament.

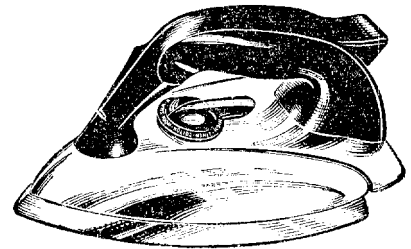
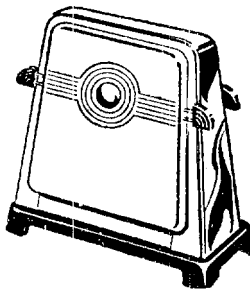
Long before the glittering coach came into sight a great motor cavalcade with all the great dignitaries of the realm and distinguished visitors from foreign lands whisked passed the gaping throngs. Then, to the sound of 47 bands some 2,000 marching men on horse and foot emerged from Buckingham Palace court yard. Slowly the grand procession of flowing gold cloth, polished armour, waving plumes, gilded carriages and coaches with high stepping horses traversed in majestic pagentry the scene crammed with screaming subjects to Westminster Abbey. The centuries-old Abbey that looked down upon many such ceremonies before was a scene of indescribable magnificence.

Declared American Time "In the broad transepts of Westminster Abbey a thousand peers and ladies sat clothed in velvet and miniver dazzling in their show of decorations won in peace and war. In the nave, the chivalry of Empire unrolled like a Bayeux tapestry.

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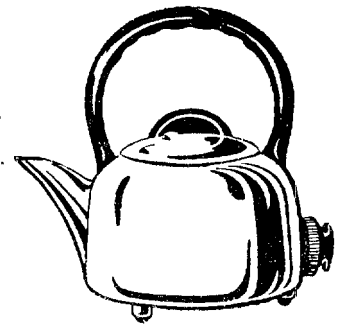
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Music played, yet over 7,000 subjects gathered to honour their Queen while worshipping their God in hush of dedication hung like a prayer."

Novelist Beverley Roberts reporting from the Abbey declared "From the moment the fairy tale figure appeared gliding slowly across the golden carpet it was the Queen who dominated the day. Not because of the material magnificence with which she was invested but because of what I describe as inner radiance."

Guiana Graphic's London correspondent Claude Massiah added "Her Majesty looked more like a goddess come from the pages of mythology to reign over the moving glory."

What tongue can half the wonders tell

What eye the dazzling glories view.

"These lines from Ballou" wrote Trinidad's coronation correspondent E. P. Smith "accurately convey one's feeling in attempting to describe the world's most moving and marvellous spectacle." While London's Robert Sherwood declared "Hollywood in all its glory never achieved the pictorial effect...."

As the gorgeous figure of the Queen appeared at the West door of the cathedral 400 trained chorists picked from best choirs in all England raised their voices in heavenly song, and the royal procession moved to the foot of the altar. It was led by high ranking clergy of the Church of England followed by knights of the Bath, Thistle and Garter, then the standards of the Commonwealth led by Ceylon's Lion grasping a sword and concluding by the Royal arms of England born by Montgomery of Almain. Polity, Law and Religion — the tripple foundations of the crown were represented by the eight commonwealth Prime Ministers (Ceylon, Pakistan, India, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Canada and Britain). Then came the Archbishops of York and Canterbury

and Lord High Chancellor of England complete in full bottomed wig and gown. Then last of all but by no means the least her consort the charming Duke Philip of Edinburgh in uniform of Admiral. Then with joyous fanfare of trumpets, her Majesty. **THE QUEEN**

THE gracious figure walked up the aisle, her long crimson train borne by six maids of honour. Alone by the Altar she knelt and prayed before being presented to her gathered subjects by the Lord Archbishop.

Then the pontiff intoned "Will you solemnly promise and swear to

govern (your peoples) according to their respective laws and customs."

"**I solemnly promise so to do**" replied the girlish voice of the Queen. Again the Pontiff intoned "Will you to your power cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all your judgments?"

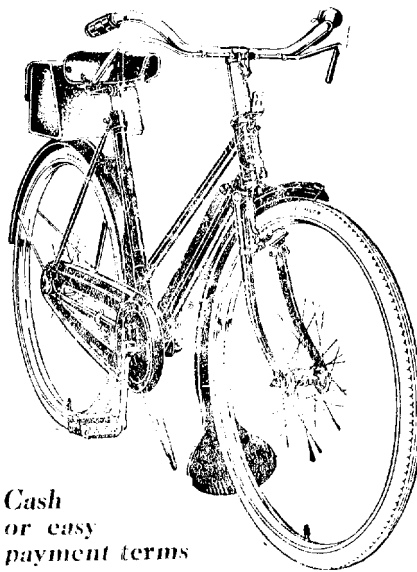
I will..

"Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God and maintain in the United Kingdom the protestant reformed religion?"

"**All this I promise to do.**"

She kissed the Holy Bible and in

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15

IMPERIAL AFFAIRS

turn was presented with it for safe keeping by the Moderator of the Church of Scotland. Thereafter began the familiar Anglican communion service.

From the Altar Elizabeth was led to the famous King Edward Chair that seated so many of her ancestors before her on similar occasions. From an eagle-shaped vessel called the Ampulla the Dean of Westminster poured a spoonful of holy oil (containing perfumes of orange blossom, roses, cinamom and jasmine, mixed with musk and ambergris). Then spoke the Lord Archbishop as he approached the sovereign with the ancient prayer on his lips. "As Soloman was anointed, King by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be thou anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over the Peoples whom the

Lord thy god hath given thee to rule." At once he dipped his finger in the oil and made the sign of the cross on both the Queen's hands, on her breast and on the crown of her head.

On the fourth finger of her right hand the Archbishop fitted the wedding ring of England. Then a glove of white kid lined with white silk was presented to her. In her right hand was the sceptre with the cross, emblem of regal power and justice; in her left the rod with a dove representing equity and mercy.

The silence in the Abbey was broken by a clatter of feet on woodwork as Abbey guests rose to their feet. The Archbishop murmuring the blessing came slowly from the altar with the Crown of St. Edward, studded with diamonds

rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls. He stood before the Queen stretched his arms at full length high above Queen Elizabeth's head with the Crown between his hands and then lowered it on the fair hair of the Queen.

For a fraction of a second there was silence. Then it exploded in a shout of 7,000 voices crying fervently over and over again. "God save the Queen". Fanfare upon fanfare from trumpets crashed through the Abbey. Outside the Abbey, guns boomed over London.

Then the Archbishop said "God crown you with the Crown of glory and righteousness that having the right faith and manifold fruit of good works, you may obtain the crown of the everlasting kingdom by the gift of Him, whose kingdom endureth for ever. Amen.



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Meanwhile outside the Abbey the nine West Indian Police officers who actually led the five-mile procession were having a chilly time in the atrocious London weather. Tall six-foot, four Grenada's Inspector Chambelain stood over 7 feet with his spiked helmet with Trinidad's T. D. Ogier and Asst. Commissioner T. Roberts, while Barbados' Captain S. E. Johnson and B.G.'s Lieut. Col. Haywood led the Barbados and B.G. contingents. By the time they got back to their camp at Kensington Park after 7 hours on parade they were soaked to the skin in the ceaseless down pours.

Later at the great Coronation Buckingham Palace Party, never before had so many Commonwealth dignitaries mingled with all the lords and nobles of Britain's aristocracy. Conspicuous in the midst were Jamaica's Bustamante, Grenada's Tom Marryshaw, Trinidad's Albert Gomes, British Guiana's two delegates Drs. Jacob Nicholson and Jung Bahadur Singh and their gorgeous spouses, although robbed of the glory seats in the people's government back home, found refreshing consolation in the stiff atmosphere. Mrs. Nicholson clad in blue brocade with a diamante tiara delivered several gracious bows to scores of acquaintances while Mrs. Singh arrayed in an attractive Sari puzzled Indian guests as to which part of India she came from.

JAMAICA TOPS

From the tropic Africa to the frozen waste, from Hong Keng to the Windies the great Coronation became a memorable occasion. Jamaicans expecting the newly crowned Queen Elizabeth in their beautiful island this September for a Caribbean seabath topped the list throughout Bwindia in their display of loyalty to the crown. Biggest show ever staged in the island was the great coronation tattoo which ran for six successive sold-out nights.

Each night some 15,000 Jamaicans jam-packed themselves to see dare-devil motor cycle riders send women and children screaming with thrilling amazement. 150 members of the Jamaican army and cadet air

force went through traditional movements of the "parade of the toy 'Soldiers.'" Welch Fusiliers usually the stand-by regiment in these parts against any disturbance of the peace, arrayed themselves in 7th century uniform. They moved themselves into a colourful display at the sound of shrill commands. Some of the islands finest polo players dressed in flamboyant costumes with lances fluttering pennants, added a touch of realism from the past when they swept the field with a cavalry charge. Massed bands in a veritable kaleidoscope of colour blended themselves with the music and 400 young Jamaicans under skillfully used torch lights formed themselves into a moving pattern and executed a physical training display that ended in formation spelling out the living characters E H R. A dramatic device to show the progress of civilisation was enacted in the "Sabaltern's Dream". Tattoo ended in a great fireworks.

TRINIDAD

Trinidad came next for splendour. In the midst of pomp, pagentry and solemn church services the Coronation crowd broke loose into a great carnival jump-up, that ended in a great steel band war under the brilliant Port-of-Spain illuminations with one man killed and several injured. High point of the great celebration was the crystallised idea of Hon. Aubrey James and his committee of a great Coronation pageant with a great golden coach and mounted escort. In the carriage was the attractive figure of 1952 carnival Queen, Mary Knaggs. While 1953 carnival Queen Peggy Dick stood tired but happy from the colonial stand in Parliament Square under a leaky umbrella trying to take colour pictures of the Queen, her 1953 counterpart was actually being paraded as a queen. A mounted Escort of policemen dressed in crimson and orange tunics, dark blue trousers and red jockey caps led the carriage, while in the rear came a company of the Grenadier Guards splendidly clad in tall black velvet hats, scarlet coats and black trousers to the Oval Park,

BRITISH GUIANA

British Guiana's population after being soused from start to finish with the greatest organised anti-British anti-imperialist electioneering propaganda by victorious "Peoples Progressive Party" turned completely *velte face* and went to town in the greatest possible gusto to the tune of "Rule Britannia." While newly elected peoples government leaders completely boycotted official functions as they promised the electorate hundreds of thousands of country folk trekked to town to see the most brilliant lit and decorated Georgetown they had ever seen in their lifetime. Preached the Lord Archbishop of the West Indies as he looked down on empty seats in St. George's Cathedral reserved for 'de government' "I realize that there may be a few who for other reasons find themselves out of harmony with the mood of the moment...". At Buxton most sovietised village of the country, urchins pulled down all decorations while Assemblyman Ramkarran announced his party was against any display by the imperialist oppressors and couldn't be guest of honour at any Village Council Coronation Celebration.

But in Georgetown Governor Savage announced the opening of the Government House gates for all and sundry. People waited hours on end to be the first to get in. When the gates opened the precipitous rush broke down the massive pillars. Under the huge mansion the Governor stood composed, with his hands out to shake all who came and went. Two bewildered old ladies held up the traffic jam after the hand shake with 'God bless yu sah! And wont move despite persuasion. From then on he spotlighted the occasion. Earlier outside Government House he received the March past of competing steel bands, who beat frenzy out of the pans in enjoyment and carried the tempo of "Britannia rules the waves" to the highest tuneful cadence. They got a great Gubernatorial handshake and \$10 note each. In great glee they swept round the town leaving the Governor receiving handshakes from a parade of little street urchins of every

PHASES OF LIFE

size and age. Said one "He's awright."

Finally at the Government House big dance, "de government" chaps led by leader Jagan with Hons. L. F. Burnham, Jai Naraine Singh and Dr. Lachhman Singh turned up to "shake a leg". Said Governor Savage to Minister Burnham, "You have let me down. I looked and looked for you all at the levee and saw none of you. It's an insult not to me but Her Majesty." Minister Burnham didn't want anything better. He was at the base rest house having a glorious row with imperialist importee. But to compensate he condescended to dance with Lady Savage while Governor Savage was honoured with seven dances from Mrs. Burnham.

Phases of Life

Tick, Tick, Tick.

At monthend last January, just after work electrician Stephen Sampson of Campbellville, rode his much-prized ticking three speed cycle in high spirits. Suddenly he felt a familiar tickle in his palate. Then he knew why. He was passing his favourite Red Lion rum-shop in King Street, with his pay envelope still unopened in his pocket. But he had a small iron-repair job to do so he couldn't delay. So with an effort he rode past his ticking gear ticking along tick, tick, tick.

But at each tick the tickle in his palate increased irritatingly. Thereupon he decided to kill two birds with one stone. Why not treat himself to a drink for the achievement of passing his favourite spot at monthend and at the same time quench the silly tickle in his palate.

So round swung he as if not deigning

His craving taste to slate.

The rhythmic tick, tick, tick ceased abruptly as he carefully leaned his beautiful three speeder and strode manfully inside Red Lion for his cuttie of high octaine benzine.

Half an-hour later, his palate-tickle gone he emerged into King Street but stopped dead in his tracks. "Oh Scoot dey tief me bike". To his chagrin and disgust his beautiful ticking three speeder was gone with the wind. The Police at Brickdam didn't seem too excited about his report, so in desperation he took a walk around town. In Murray street he encountered his Police friend P.C. Reginald King and poured out a tale of his dilemma. He swore what and what he would do with the thief "if ah only down han' pon e'". In the midst of his tale he stopped short. A familiar rhythmic tick, tick, tick, caught his ear.

"You know whu?" He exclaimed in astonishment and glared at a cyclist passing leisurely.

"Whu?" asked P.C. King. "Da's me bike". With that he broke into a run. "Hi man he yelled. Ah wan' see yu lil-bit"

Sure enough it proved to be Steve's beautiful three speeder and the rider wellknown cycle lifter Charlie Jacob. "Eh-eh is you Charlie?" said P.C. King as he strode up. "When you gin stop teifin bike. Let we go for a walk —to the station.

PENALTY

In addition to his three years penal servitude Ramdass came into prison sentenced to a whipping "with an approved instrument". As a rule most prisoners prefer the birch (much milder and applied on the rear) instead of the cat-o-nine tails (more drastic and applied on the back and shoulders). "Yeare wha ah tell yu" rasped out the chief warder to Ramdass as they collected him for this part of the sentence. They explained implications of both instruments and asked which he preferred. But Ram stood sullenly by. "Teck off 'e pants ordered the Warden. The idea of taking it pants down hurt his manly pride and Ramdass spoke up at last.

"Gimme de cat. Me no lil bwye for to cut am backside". He snarled back.

DEBT COLLECTING.

Someone tipped off Oscar Mc Ciennan, well known blind city newspaper vendor that a certain big house lady customer was leaving the country that very day. With his uncanny sense of direction Oscar arrived at the big house just as a big van moved out with furniture.

"Oh dear me" said the big house lady in highflown language "I forgot ail about you".

"Yes mum," said Oscar, "you got six shillings for me".

"Oh no" she argued back "It's only five shillings".

"Awright mum, gimmie what yu gat" said Oscar meekly.

"But last mont I paid for paper I didn't get".

"Awright mum, gimmie what yu gat" Once more Oscar intoned impatiently.

"But yu know I didn't see any paper yesterday".

"Awright mum gimmie what yu gat".

"...and Last Sunday no paper came".

Oscar's temper began bursting its seams.

"Awright mum gimmie what yu gat".

"But good gracious I only got three shillings in my purse!"

Then Oscar exploded.

"Awright Mum". He bellowed "Gimmie what yu gat".

Afterwards he explained "She woulda did tell me come back tomorrow so ah tell she "Awright mum gimmie wha yu gat."

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WHAT DOES AMERICA THINK ABOUT US?
U.S. Consul-General William Maddox meets P.P.P. Ministers.
"We judge you on your long term programme".

Ministers . . .

ALL day long from sun up to sun down, scores of delegations and aggrieved persons pour in and out the big waiting room of the quaint old airport building now the ministerial home of the new Peoples Government of British Guiana, nestled on the bit of Crown land in Georgetown's busy High Street. They come from places ranging from Crabwood Creek in the Courtenyne to NWD. They come to voice a million grievances to the Ministers of "de Govament" which 51% of the country voted so enthusiastically for.

What seemed to flabbergast the ministers was the overwhelming magnitude of the numerous jobs confronting them in carrying out party manifesto and boasts. Magnitude wasn't so much from the nature of individual jobs, but overall problems: How to switch from demagogery to realism — from breakers to menders — from critics to artists — how to run with hares and hunt with hounds at one and the same time — to play with management and help labour — how to solve the thousand-and-one human grievances incidental with a people who from tradition wanted and expected a Government

to do everything for them — give more government jobs, family allowance, old age pension but at the same time take no taxes.

Declared wealthy socialist—capitalist Barrister Jainarine Singh, now Minister of Social Welfare and Local Government "I am fully conscious of the trust which has been placed on my shoulders and I hope God's guidance and my conscience will lead me to carry out my duties and responsibilities...." He was addressing in his own constituency last June, a crowd of disgruntled West Bank farmers for whom he had promised to move mountains in his electioneering campaigning. With him was the newly arrived Governor Sir Alfred Savage, steadily stealing their thunder by sheer personal popularity. Sir Alfred had taken care to be the first Governor to appear at any local authority complete with official uniform when he turned up with Minister Jainarine at Bagotville for a big welcome from West Demerara Union of Local Authorities. There, Minister Jainarine ran into his first squall. The people of the district wanted a multitude of things fixed by Government — and fixed quickly besides. He told them the usual bed-time story "Rome wasn't

built in a day". He added ".....to solve these problems....it will need every ounce of energy on the part of every citizen in the land and I implore you to make use of the men and women who are in public service in and around you". Nevertheless they presented him with a mighty resolution calling upon him "to table a motion in the House of Assembly requesting Government to dredge the entire length of the Canal." What those poor farmer chaps didn't realise was that in the new set up times had changed. Instead of calling upon ministers "To table motion in the House calling upon Government", the ministers themselves were government and must get cracking on the job. All Minister Jainarine had to say was "I'll tell the Minister of Works and Communications and get him to come along and have it done". Subsequently he did.

BUXTONIANS

Meanwhile Minister of Works and Communications, youthful passionate Sydney King was having another whale of a time in his native Buxton village. There, councillors were bringing their time worn grievances to an explosive war-head. And Buxtonians weren't good at

Guiana Times,

B.G. AFFAIRS

keeping their tempers. Over the last few years District Commissioner through Local Government Board had been persuading Village Council that in order to raise village rates they must start re-appraisal of properties in keeping with post war trends in valuation. Instead council soused with commie propaganda wanted any increase of revenue only from nearby so-called exploiting capitalist sugar estate for use of waterway canals for their punts. The estate people didn't mind increased toll but resented arbitrary demands. Besides there were other matters such as up keep etc that could only be settled on a conference table which the village boys didn't want. The whole situation precipitated numerous crises. On the strength of that village electors threw out the old councillors and swept in the socialist P.P.P. crowd including Hon. Sydney King. As Deputy chairman of the new village council Hon. Sydney King had carried the fight for the "oppressed down-trodden villagers against the tyrannical district administration and exploiting sugar capitalists". It climaxed in the great injunction proceedings late last year by the sugar estate, afterwards used as powerful propaganda weapon by P.P.P. at elections time to put King and all others in the new House of Assembly.

Since then they found the debt-ridden council couldn't get ahead except by increased rates. Moreover with Estate Legal injunction about obstructing punts in waterway canal still hanging fire, they needed funds to file papers to open proceedings. So they put down \$2,400 on the 1952 estimate as estate punt dues for the year. But the Estate in accordance with old arrangements paid only \$500. (They were waiting for them to fight the injunction). So the D.C. scratched out the figure of \$2,400 and put down \$500. This year they brought forward the balance of \$1,900 plus \$2,400 for the current year. Again the sugar people paid \$500. Once more they carried forward another \$1,900 arrears making it \$3,800. So rates had to be increased from 4 percent to 5½ percent. Then the L. G. B. added a special \$600 for general re-appraisal agreed on

before. So that a total deficit remained on the village estimates for \$4,400 to be collected from somewhere. So rates went up 6½ percent as more debts piled up on Council.

Thus about the same time when Hon. Jainarine Singh Minister of Local Government and Social Welfare was at Bagotville promising to look into the grievances of the down-trodden Westbankers in his constituency on a matter to come under per-view of his colleague Hon. Sydney King Minister of Works and Communications, the latter was seated among his rowing co-councillors debating whether they should carry the rates matter to the Governor himself. Said councillor London: "Times are worsening. We know there is Poverty in Buxton." Declared Minister King after they had blown off enough steam "Send a memorandum of protest to the Minister of Local Government and Social Welfare. Mr. Wickham (Commissioner of local government-

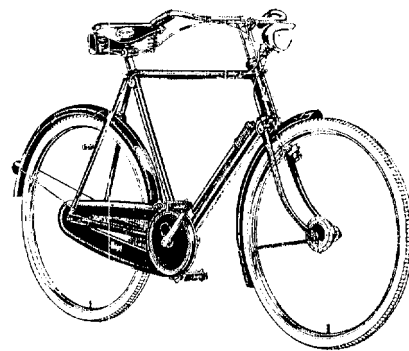
now) has a boss (Hon. Jainarine Singh).

Next day in the Ministerial office at High Street Ministers Jainarine Singh and King exchanged their respective babies. First thing therefore they had to do was to start whip cracking on the respective departmental heads. "Want to see power" said Minister Jainarine to a crowd of complainers who turned up with yet more complaints. He picked up his telephone. "Is that Wickham speaking. I want you at once. Come to my office — right away" he commanded. Commissioner Wickham rushed over. Later he realised it was a mere exercise of power and let out a couple of choice adjectives.

MINISTER KING

HON. Sydney King gets the best name from higher up civil servants for civility, earnestness and apparent sincerity. "But" said an

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B.G. AFFAIRS

observer "that's because he hasn't found his length yet. He's got a mighty big job on his young inexperienced shoulders and if he starts pushing around those technical chaps they could sink him".

Brought up in a hard youth before he started teaching for a living Hon. Sydney King has a genuine interest in the ordinary working classman. "Call me Sydney" says he to them and in spite of his new \$600 -- a month job, always ready to pull his shirt out of his pants as a sign he's from the down-trodden masses. When the Jagans first came to his native Buxton with their Soviet propaganda talk Sydney was the first who went to scoff at them but staved to pray. He became their closest fanatic. A close introvert himself, he fed on freely distributed **Soviet News** literature which told a great deal about how Russian peasants were liberated from economic bondage by their "peoples' government". It whetted his appetite for every piece of Communist literature from Marx' **Das Capital** to latest bulletin on the heroic fight for freedom by peace-loving Chinese "volunteer" fighting for liberty against the war-mongering aggressors in Korea. He got the general idea that the function of a government was to collect from the rich landlords -- like local sugar estates, and distribute to poor down-trodden workers. When he returned from his famous Communist sponsored Vienna trip just in time for his election to the House, his convictions became hard cement. But what no literature or Vienna trip revealed was that the incentive to production and work under the various peoples' democracies" was nothing else but force and fear and that the state sets a limit to a man's command of this world's goods. But in a country like B.G. where everyone wants to get places by the shortest possible routes even on his neighbour's back the incentive to produce or work lies in profits, or a greater command of the world's goods. Hon. Sydney King like his great teacher Hon. Dr. Jagan will die and leave his socialist dream still unaccomplished. General plan, therefore, of him and his colleagues is to

dig a big bite in the big land owners -- sugar.

PUBLIC WASTE DEPARTMENT

Early one day in his Ministerial office he received a courtesy call from his Public Works Director Jamaica-born (white) C. H. Farquharson. Ever since the beginning of time Local Public Works Department was known as Public Waste Department and a great source of graft rackets, etc. So when Director

to wallop a big official, they didn't like.

First thing Government leader Jagan wanted to know was about six big houses being put up at enormous cost for imperialist blue-eyed importees in the Agriculture Department compound. Just before death of last Leg-co, Hon. Dr. Jagan as lone oppositionist in a great propaganda move sought to table a motion calling upon Government to stop the building of the houses. Said he "It's a waste of tax-



Ministers Jainaraine and Syd King on the Job.

Farquharson popped in for a look-see, Sydney thought him too hot to handle. Promptly he pressed two buttons on his desk. And out of nowhere entered his two colleagues Honourable Dr. Cheddi Jagan Minister of Mines Agriculture and Forests, and Hon. Jainaraine Singh Minister of Social Welfare and Local Government. This was just what they were looking for a chance

payers money". Leg-coers then thought it absurd and threw it out before it hit the table on the grounds that the buildings were being paid out of bloc vote made to Public Works. Moreover, contracts were already signed by the Director so no one could stop the construction.

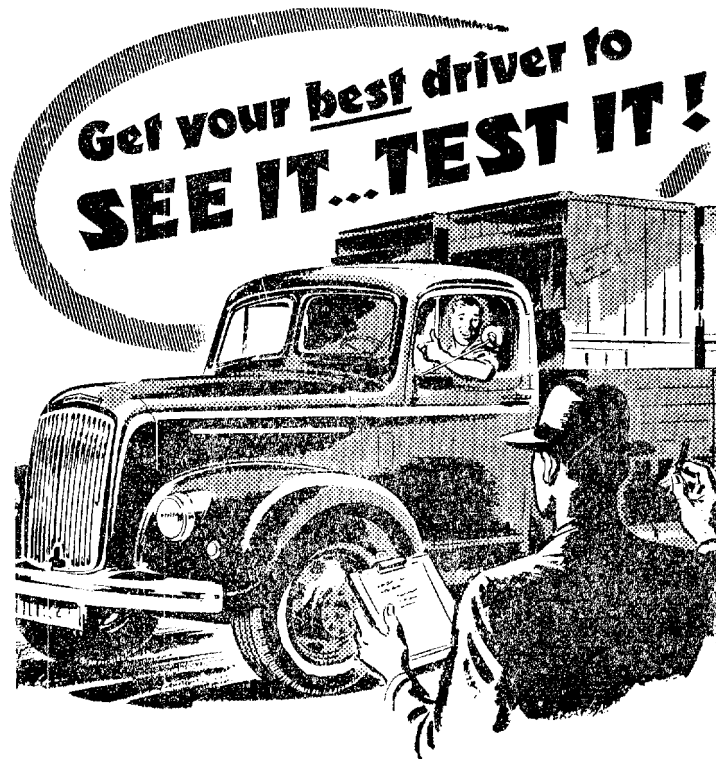
At elections time Party paraded on the issue. They made it top talk.

Said Party man Ashton Chase (now Minister of Labour, Trade and Commerce) at street corners "A contractor told me he could build the houses for quarter the amount and better". "That's how our money is going down the hill" said another rabble rouser. "When we put P.P.P in, that is going to stop".

Now with Dr. Jagan and his boys in complete control of the new government it was a case of 'how about it now?' But director Farquharson had a pat answer up his sleeve. He told them in the past when he made contracts with any building contractor he never really bothered much about contractor himself but about the two guarantors who would have to put up the money in case funds ran out before the job was finished. Director Farquharson hinted it would be Minister King who would have to sign contracts. Heaven help him if he signed cheap contracts to save taxpayers money and the money ran out before the job. —Well in that case the funeral wouldn't be the Director's but the Ministers. Dr. Cheddi and Co. at once changed the subject—to the biggest of all. How about scrapping the \$5,000,000 Terani drainage scheme and introducing the famous Hutchinson \$20,000,000 schemes? Over the years Hon. Dr. Cheddi had been hammering and thundering in his **Thunder** that the brilliant Engineer Hutchinson had proposed a brilliant scheme for solving B.G.'s drainage problem but because the scheme would interfere with the well-laid out sugar estates lands on which most sugar estate labourers had their eyes on, government had terminated his contract to please the sugar gods.

Long ago Financial Secretary now Sir Frank McDavid had told Hon. Cheddi and Co. the scheme was too big, too costly and would take about six generations to complete. This time Minister Cheddi wanted to know if they could start to work on same. The new Government would vote the money every year from current expenditure. Obviously Farquharson and his engineer boys will consider it, provided the dough was forth coming—only thing from where?

July/August, 1953



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First thing Minister-elect Dr. Jagan did was to pop in to see Lands and Mines Commissioner W. T. Lorl, to find out how much acreage sugar companies occupied and how they got same. In their high pressure campaigning, unmindful of the hundreds of thousands of acres of good unused crown Lands all over the colony available for rent at 1 shilling per acre, Dr. Jagan and his boys had told deluded estate labourers how sugar people had hogged the best lands on the coast. They used only a part and kept the rest idle in order to spite poor down-trodden labourers who wanted to graze cow, and farmers who wanted to plant rice.

At the Department Minister Jagan discovered that there was a difference between crown lands and lands belonging to the Government of British Guiana. In the first case soldiers and statesmen of British Sovereign acquired the country on behalf of the throne. Consequently

all land technically belonged to the throne of Britain to be disposed of only by its representative in the colony (Governor). Government lands were acquired by grants or purchase and could only be disposed of by Governor-in-Council representing the inhabitants. He also learnt that ever since British Occupation and before, sugar companies acquired lands from Sovereign, rented some at a few strivers per acre to plant sugar cane. Considerable portions also belonged to people long since dead with no heirs to identify.

Over a period of time sugar companies spent millions in draining and irrigating lands and did their agriculture on a scientific basis. They rested and fallowed their land and spent huge sums in fertilising so as to maintain constant annual production and greater yield per acre. To take away such land, will Government afford to pay all that

compensation. Dr. Jagan also discovered on the Essequibo coast, considerable stretches of land once gainfully and scientifically occupied by large prosperous sugar companies were now owned and occupied by wealthy East Indian land owners. These were only concerned with what they could get out of the land rather than what they put into it. When the land showed poor yield, they abandoned it, or rented it and squeezed their tenants.

In 1951 at the Curacao meeting of the W.I. Conference Dr. Jagan had submitted a great plan for land reform on the same principle introduced in communist China — taxing land not usefully occupied, in order to stimulate production. He found however that to introduce such measures would hurt not the sugar people but people like the Essequibo land owners. But they went mind reverting considerable stretches of unused poor lands to

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government to embark on whatever Schemes they want.

MINISTER CHASE

27-year-old Hon. Ashton Chase, Minister of Labour, Trade and Commerce had the most awkward responsibility on his hands. A brilliant trades-unionist Hon. Ashton developed his apprenticeship under now retired Hubert Critchlow who established the first Trades Union (B.G.L.U.) in the Caribbean. He has a shrewd sense of labour requirements but is frankly bewildered how to handle the management side of affairs — how to induce more Industries to come in, and at the same time talk the usual labour language — how to promote trade and commerce and spill the same roadside nonsense about selling our produce where we **want** instead of where we **can**, and import from countries we **want** to import from instead of countries where we **can** import. Early in June rambunctious Transport Workers Union, most powerful and financial Caribbean Union met in solemn declaration to breathe fire and brimstone on the management for the multitudinous grievances still unsettled. Ever since Governor Woolley had dug money out their pay envelopes for staging unauthorised more money strikes, the Union boys had been quiet, and to get their own back they voted P.P.P. First thing they wanted now is to purge their President big double fisted Cecil Cambridge because he didn't vote P.P.P. with them. Next thing they want to do is to get every single labour grievance rectified. Thus on June 9th they moved a mighty resolution vesting emergency powers in the hands of executive.

Said President Cambridge "Whether or not I'm President next year I'll fight for your grievances up to my neck". Said suave astute polished Union Secretary J. H. Pollydore, "We have already arranged consultation with Ministers of Labour and of Communications and works. They are the Government we put in, and we must get what we want." But with Transport deficit reaching towards the \$2,000,000 mark will Minister Syd-

ney allow Minister Ashton to push it further up in order to meet workers claims?

MINISTER BURNHAM

MEANWHILE "even the ranks of Tuscany, could scarce forbear a cheer" when they heard the name of former Guiana Scholar Linden Forbes Sampson Burnham LLB as Minister of Education. But Minister Burnham left his legal chambers opened in case his Government collapses. As party Chairman and top tale-spinner of the great party plans for reconstructing the country with hot air, Barrister Burnham most problematic figure in the set-up settled himself in the safest ministerial post. As revenge for being outvoted by Jagan as Government leader, first thing he did was to remove his ministerial office from the planned ministerial buildings where his colleagues had settled and ensconced himself in beautiful empty offices of the new G.P.C. Unlike his fellow ministers who face a great parade of complainers the minute they took office, minister Burnham found himself surrounded by a crowd of favour-seekers. Every teacher hoped to be Inspector of Schools, every Inspector wanted to be Director. So pressure started right at the beginning. In his campaign he had promised free Secondary Education and laced all signatories to the Nicol Report (on Primary Education) that hinted on the shift system. Now he found that the phenomenal rise in Primary School population and rising cost had pushed education bill second highest to medical on the country's budget to 11% of annual expenditure. But first B.G.T.A. delegation that met him wanted the education bill pushed up to 20 percent of the annual expenditure and of course most of it must go to salaries. Question is will Minister of Health, Dr. J. P. Latchhansingh allow that, when he wants medical bill doubled.

As for Minister Doc Lach, who switched from top sugar estate trouble stirrer to being in Ministerial stirrup to get things fixed, he

expressed his bewilderment over his job in his first Legislative speech. He declared Sugar made a healthy contribution to the national income of country besides employing some 40,000 people but added he'd been trying his best to relieve the great numbers of people with malnutrition disease and poverty, but found a reservoir so great that they just kept coming and coming. He wanted to know how it was the previous administration left a budget of \$7,000,000 accumulated surplus balance lying idle and there was so much poverty and malnutrition in the land.

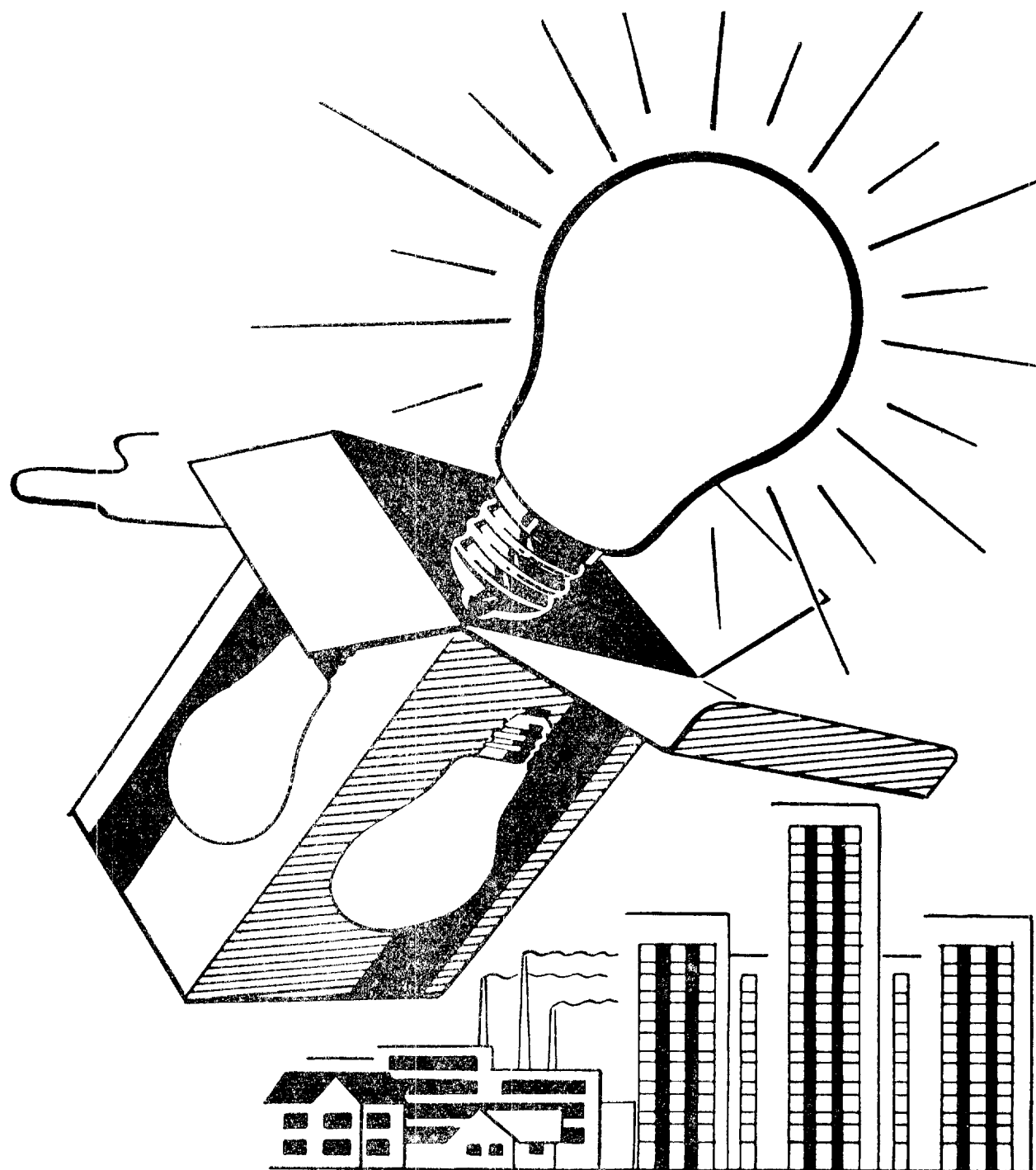
Thus it was when the whole P.P.P. Cabinet met at the Jarinaraine Singh "White House" early in June to frame their reply to the Governor's message they came out with the extraordinary revelation. "The House notes your Excellency's views that the new Government has been handed a fairly good financial position by the old administration. However, it is **fully conscious of the legacy of privation malnutrition unemployment and disease, which is bequeathed to us by the old order.**" Then instead of offering a solution of their own announced they "are anxiously awaiting the report of the World Bank (which they had ceaselessly condemned in past years) to provide a comprehensive and acceptable plan as well as means by which the programme can be financed." But they're in for a brutal shock when World Bank reports.

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EARLY one day in May last year a big United States Air Force bomber winged its way direct from Belem in Brazil to former leased U.S. Army Air Base in British Guiana, 1,080 miles to the northwest. At 11.30 that morning when it touched down at Atkinson Field, out popped Generals Emil Kiel, Commanding General of Caribbean Air Command and Craig, Col. Sherman Beatty and P.C. Ashworth of the directorate of operations, and Col. Charles Johnson of the U.S. Caribbean Air Command. They came on a special mission:—just to pin another medal on just another great American flyer, for just another great flying exploit, in a string of flying achievements in the wildest country in tropical America. He was short stocky greying 57-year-old Winsconsin log-cabin born Colonel Arthur James Art Williams.

Although today the very sight of Russian-built Mig from a modern high powered jet fighter over the Korean battle ground might make him swoon to death, flyer Art Williams as a jungle pilot strung up an exploit record no less dizzy than the dizzyest Mig shooter, south of the Yallu River. Only difference is that his exploits concerned extraordinary rescue jobs, tough hinterland supply problem-solving, and above all, virtually busting the country of British Guiana wide open to new vistas of development. And all this with amuseum-piece beetle-slow noisy little Wasp Amphibian Ireland biplane. But only last month the old crate suddenly got tired of its existence and flopped its flaps for the last time, a bush-hole somewhere in the forest blanketed Cuvuni River.

Art's latest decoration was for a wartime rescue work with the Wasp of the crew of an AT-6 that blew down somewhere in the Cai Cuara River delta in the Orinoco back in 1942. The U.S. Government had forgotten all about the incident until 10 years later somebody in the Pentagon or somewhere else discovered a report on it. Promptly the Air Force got busy and briefed top generals of the Army and other brass hats to come over to B.G. and

do a bit of pin-sticking on Art's bosom.

DESPITE his rank as Colonel in the U.S. Air Force, Art was all dressed up that May day in civies



Flyer Art Williams.
Country-busting just routine.

and waited stiffly at attention for the ceremony to get over with. Said General Craig as he pinned the Air Medal on his be-ribboned bosom: 'Both the United States of America and Britain had a great deal of gratitude to offer Col. Art Williams for his pioneer work in British

Guiana. His exploits and efforts are well-known throughout the USAF and commercial business concerns of U.S.A. as well as in British Guiana and the Commonwealth."

In 1947 the British Government awarded him a Kings Medal and the next year an order of the British Empire principally for his country-busting operations. But for all his 20 years of jungle-flying in British Colony, Art prefers to retain his American citizenship. Today although head of a nominally \$500,000 British Guiana Airways Ltd., with its three Grummans the three Dakotas manned by seven \$1,000-a-month pilots, Art loved best to sit in his beloved Wasp, let down in some inconceivable part of the 'bush' or playing dock porter discharging load or carrying 32 pounds cargo on his back for a walk several miles through the rough jungle paths to some lone balata-bleeder in the bush, or lone rancher in the Rupununi savannah lands. Art's daily routine is to handle anything from heavy mining equipment for gold companies, trundling freight of salt beef, res-

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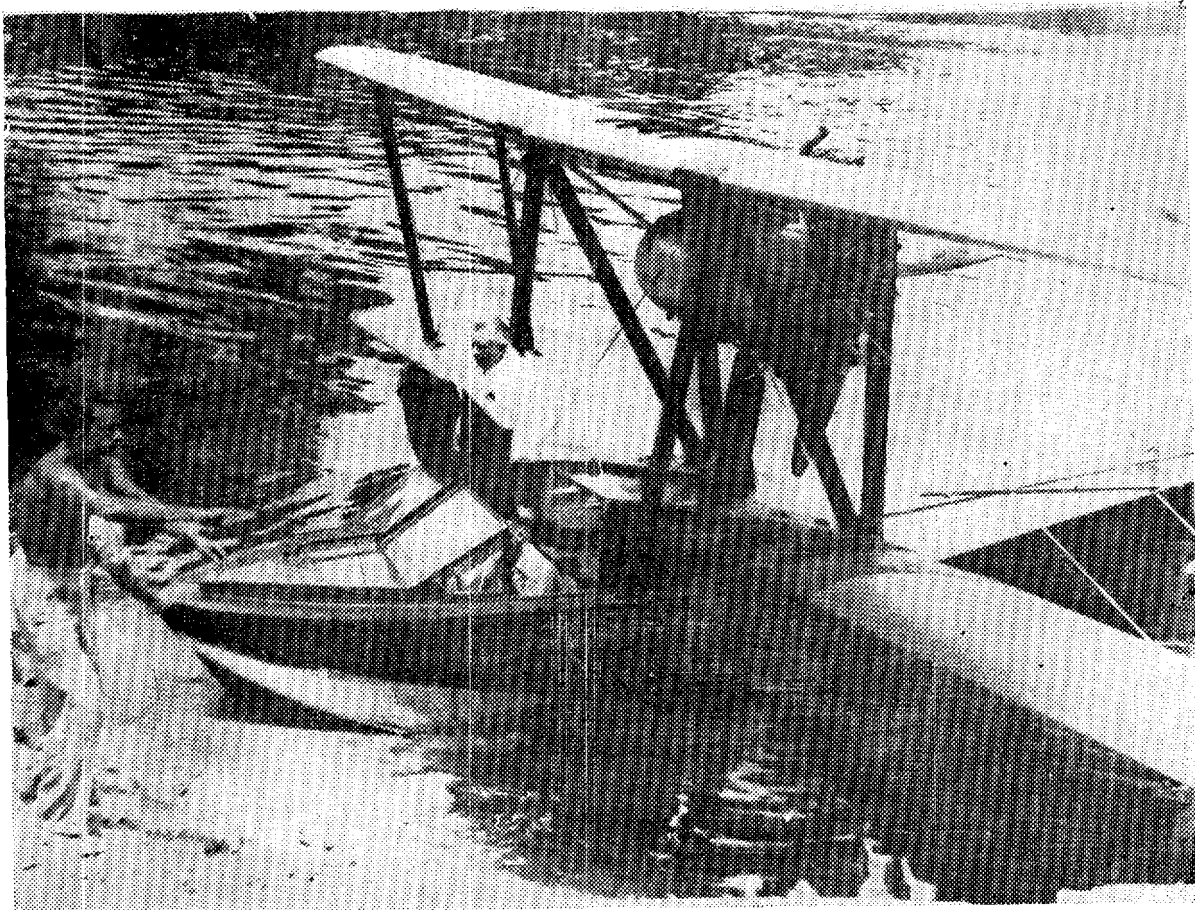
ening stricken people in the interior, building landing strips, roads and bridges in the hinterland.

When flyer Art came out of active war service in the flying corps in 1916, he started out as an instructor in Canada, but after a while he got a bit tired of such soft stuff and began looking for adventure all over the world. First he went to

marry his Alabama born wife Inez. Then one day he hopped aboard his partly-owned Wasp Ireland biplane in Florida and flew down south with three passengers aboard, later to bump-land in the Demerara River at Port Georgetown.

In British Guiana he found that flying looked like a great novelty to local people and someone sug-

gested how about starting a barnstorming business. He did, at \$5.00 a zoom, and got business from all over. When he had collected several hundred \$5.00 bills he sent for Inez and decided to settle down in the country for a while. That year British Government dispatched a big commission to fix the country's border to the south. Commission discovered that the only way to negotiate the enormous wide area of jungle swamp and mountain was by air transport. That was right up back alley of Art and his little Wasp. With the steady freighting



The Wasp Ireland that busted B.G. open — for 18 years.

Bahamas where he started a one-man Bahamian Airways in 1924. A year or two later a big West Indian hurricane hit the islands and swept most of his equipment in a scrap heap. What was left he sold out to the famous Canadian millionaire Sir Harry Oaks (victim in famous De Marigny murder trial). Soon after he met the charming Captain Guest, one-time British Air Minister in the post-war British Cabinet who induced him to look for flying adventures in the Amazon. Art went, flew around the area for a while and went back home to

gested how about starting a barnstorming business. He did, at \$5.00 a zoom, and got business from all over. When he had collected several hundred \$5.00 bills he sent for Inez and decided to settle down in the country for a while. That year British Government dispatched a big commission to fix the country's border to the south. Commission discovered that the only way to negotiate the enormous wide area of jungle swamp and mountain was by air transport. That was right up back alley of Art and his little Wasp. With the steady freighting

One singular exploit in such luggage-lugging took place when he landed in a gorge. To get out he had a rope tied from the plane to a tree trunk on the gorge. He floated out with engines roaring on his tethered plane. At the precise moment he reached out and cut the rope and swung clear out of danger. One great thing the Boundary Commission jobs did was to give him a thorough knowledge of the 80,000 square mile country. Then he read every conceivable research volume on the area in particular the travels of Richard Schromberg.

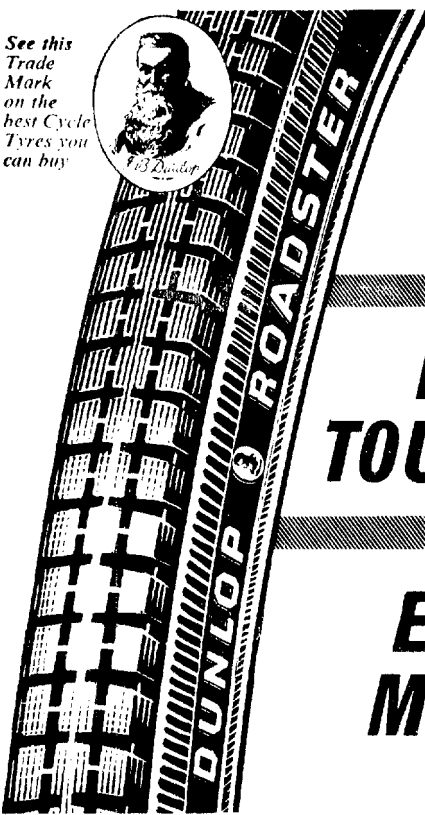
Then followed the great furore about search for missing American Aviator Paul Redfern who disappeared in the jungle in a flight from New Brunswick to South America. Somewhere back of Dutch Guiana in Brazil he located the grave and saw parts of Redfern plane in hands of Amerindians. And in January, 1935, he reported same to U.S. state department who pronounced Redfern officially dead.

Soon after Art Williams figured in a series of spectacular air crashes rescuing stricken British Officials and even workmen or lone ranchers and hauling them to town for medical treatment. Suddenly Government, people, and logging companies became air-minded, and in 1936 he floated enough capital to start his local company called B.G. Airways Service for charter flights. He built himself a hanger and ramp by the river on the outskirts of town and got a three-year contract with government to haul freight in the bush. Then he got himself a co-pilot. He was happy Harry Wendt who proved to be equally a tough hardest bush pilot this side of the Amazon. and between them they got their first Grumman.

In 1940 when Roosevelt and Churchill signed the great bases-for-destroyers swapping agreement, U.S. State Department picked on Art with another top Army Engineer to select site for Atkinson Air Base. Art drew a compass line around the Demerara River mouth and picked the best point of the area for the big base. Then they induced him back in the Army Air Force with the rank of Colonel, and made him official army shooter in the area. Soon he showed his mettle and figured in so many rescue jobs of lost planes airmen sick men etc., that they all looked like everyday routine.

Besides the big rescue job he was decorated for last year, Col. Art Williams' most singular exploit was the salvage of a huge C-54 plane that landed in the swamp somewhere in the upper reaches of the Essequibo River. The huge plane was on its way to India with

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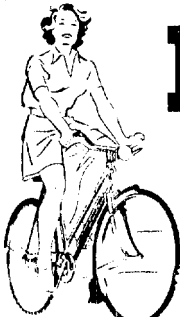


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PEOPLE

General Oliver on board and carried approximately 2,000 lbs of gold bullion, and above all **PLANS FOR THE BURMA CAMPAIGN**. A few miles from Atkinson Field it ran out of gas, and the crew baled out. Spotter plane from base located the huge bomber in the swamps miles up river. Radioed Washington to trouble-shooter Art. "Destroy same!" Radioed back Art "Salvage operations already begun." Although Atkinson Field brass hats deemed it a hopeless job he landed his crate of a wasp in the swamp and with his team of picked Amerindian boys went to work night and day on salvage operations. Within a few days and nights Art stood at the controls and lifted the big plane out of the mire. Subsequently it was overhauled and used by President Roosevelt on his trip to the famous Casablanca Big Three Conference that mapped the conclusion of the war.

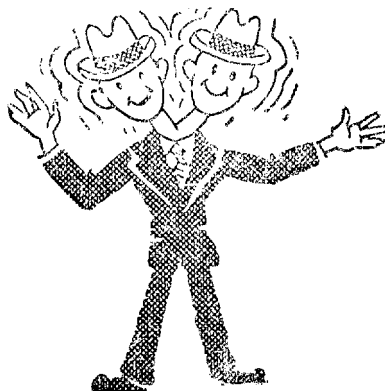
At war end Art got a big business partner, elderly British-born

John Hunter one of the few enterprising British financiers in these parts who held substantial investment in enterprises in B.G. and U.S. He took substantial shares in the Art's B.G. Airways Ltd. The Col. at once bought up from abandoned U.S. base a considerable amount of war disposal material, such as bulldozers airplane parts and old jeeps. These he deposited at various points in the interior for a mighty road, bridge and airstrip building programme. Since then he and his Amerindian boys have built scores of bridges over wide rivers and some forty landing strips all over the interior. Today B.G. Airways Ltd., directed by flyer Art Williams and Businessman Hunter is now the biggest supplementary flying service operating in the southern Caribbean. Besides the country-busting operations in B.G., as contractors to the St. Vincent Government, they are main passenger air tube between the Windward islands.

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First Debate'...

Declared House Leader Dr. Cheddie Jagan "At the recent elections we fought against every conceivable odds. The fact that we were successful proves that our politics were correct...that our victory was the result of putting the correct ideology to the people. The opposition blundered because their ideology was not correct". It was his open statement that the public liked his communistic outpourings. Leader Jagan was defending himself for the first time in the reversed position from reactionary one-man opposition in the old House to Government leader in the New. A veritable hail-storm of condemnation and criticism had rained down on him. The storm came from the opposition and official sections of the Horse-shoe table, the press and responsible public outside for his party's revolutionary reply to the first gubernatorial message to the new House that touched off the first debate under the new Government.

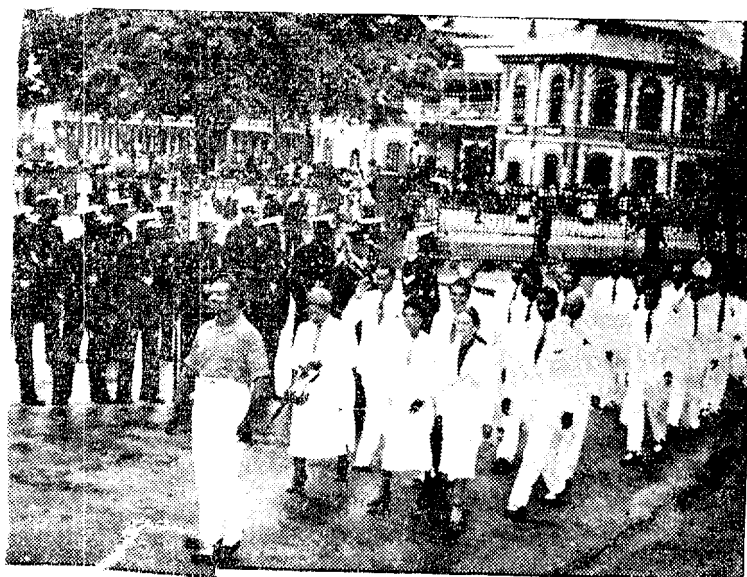
A few days before coronation, the New House made its ceremonial opening to hear with solemnity Governor Savage's historic "Speech from the throne". Victorious three-p boys had decided to make the occasion a great ceremonial pageant to counter-attract huge cheering populace from the big military extravaganza of the moment. Earlier party officials had cracked down on the capitalist firm of Gonsalves cash store and bought out every bolt of available expensive sharkskin cloth. This they tailored out for their official leg-co uniform of sharkskin suit and red tie. Then resold same on credit to any of their hand to mouth Assembly ves men (to be collected after they drew their first leg-co pay). But the ceaseless downpours of rain spoil the fun. Nevertheless outside Minister Jainaraine Singh's legal chambers they formed themselves into a tight phalanx, and led by the three jays (Janet Jane and Jessie) with a standard bearer with a red flag, they left-righted it down the wet High street to the council chambers passed clapping women huddled under umbrellas, and stiffly standing police formations

waiting in the courtyard for the Governor's inspection. The white clad people's contingent provided a striking contrast against the background of black suited police troops in close formation.

In the House, the impressive figure of Governor Savage with feathered helmet appeared like an automaton out of the ante room. First thing he read after prayers was the Queen's message remarking on coincidence of her coronation with the opening of the country's new constitution and that she "would watch our progress with

policy of her Majesty's government is to advance the colonies to the goal of self-government as speedily as their political and economic development will allow, has been applied in a most practical manner. Then he chastised the party in power for their declared opposition to the principle of the UPPER HOUSE, and retention of officials in the lower house and declared "Evidently", said he "there is still a misconception in some minds that they are to be regarded as a kind of official opposition. "That" said he with emphasis "is quite wrong".

POLITICAL SHOW BUSINESS.



They left-righted it down the wet High Street.

sustained interest". Then the goodwill message from British Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton expressing earnest hope that the "House and council will build up a tradition of obligation to the interests of the people of orderly debate and good government".

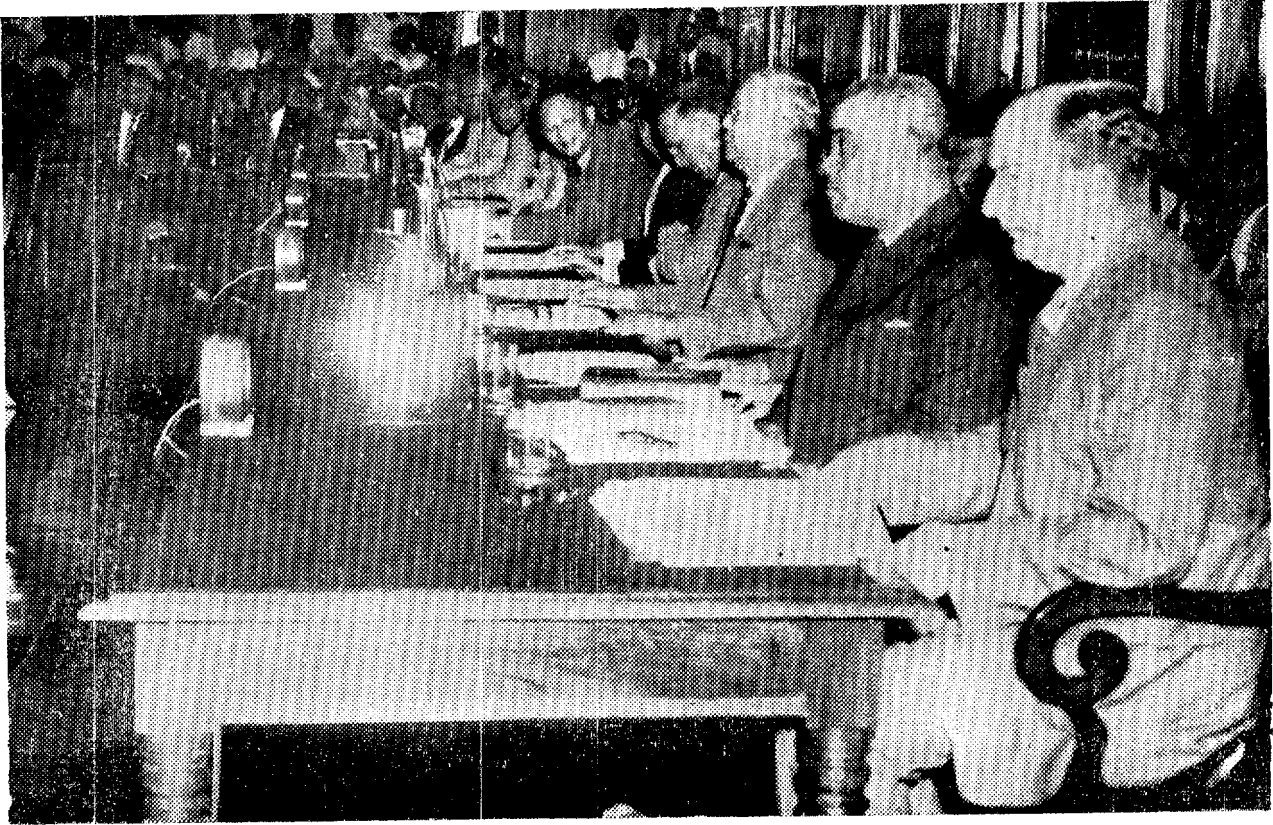
GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE

Then the Governor delivered his official message. The message was a short course in how not to mis-govern the country and make a mess of things. First he urged upon members to study provisions of the new constitution. "Its terms and purpose" said he "represent the most progressive constitutional changes which British Guiana has ever experienced. Here as in other parts of the Commonwealth the

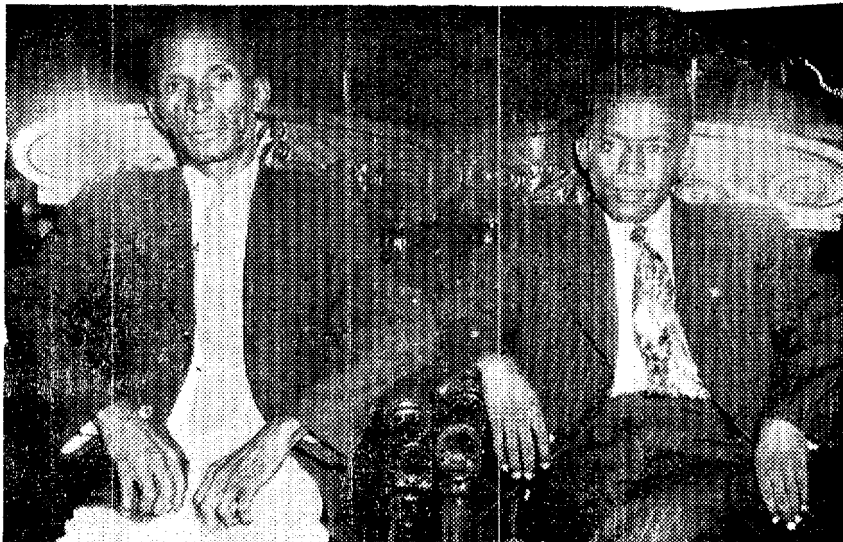
He declared they were there to give elected members — new and untried the wealth of their experience and to develop team spirit, to work in the country's good: Next realising their leftist tendencies Governor Savage declared "British Guiana is not the first country in the world to have radical political and constitutional changes. I have seen similar changes elsewhere when as here one section of the community have feared the worst because they felt that the speed of such progress was too rapid while another section believed that at least all their problems would be solved".

Declared he "May I say in friendliness and frankness to those sections "you are both wrong" Then he issued a warning to all those who felt Eldorado had now been

FIRST SESSION OF NEW LEGISLATURE



P.P.P. Government party strenuously objected to presence of officials in council (in foreground), Chief Secretary John Gutch and Attorney-General Frank Holder and Financial Secretary, Walter Fraser (hidden from view.) They also objected to the State Council designed to be a repository of national political wisdom with elder Statesmen to check and revise legislation from Lower House.



P.P.P. refused to vote State Councillors salaries and partly as reward for party services they nominated City salesman George Robertson and ex-Transport Stores Clerk Ulric Fingal (at left) to be State Councillors. Their job: Make the least possible contribution, and just carry out party instructions. Explained M. S. C. Robertson, "We are moving from traditional and orthodox style of politics".

POLITICS

discovered". I would say you must not expect too early or too easy a solution to your problems. There is no short cut to better conditions of life...the new constitutional advances in this country will prove almost worthless unless they are accompanied by further and sustained economic progress and development". He reminded them of the healthy financial condition they found the country and suggested raising capital from abroad. They must increase the country's public debt and raise loans in London or elsewhere or by private enterprises investing more money in the country. He ended his message with a great plea for harmony in making this country a happier and more progressive partner in the British Commonwealth"

REACTION

THE speech was a heart-warmer and lingered on in little discussions long after he made his abrupt departure from the chamber past cheering crowds on the lower verandah. From then on and throughout the coronation celebrations when he welcomed rejoicing steel bands playing "Rule Britannia", shaking hands with little street corner urchins that congregated outside Government house, Sir Alfred Savage began to steal the thunder out of P.P.P. thunderings.

But while hundreds of thousands of the population that had been saturated with anti-British imperialistic propaganda suddenly went to town for the coronation on the tune of "Britannia rules the waves" and drank toasts and eat roasts to Her Majesty, their new government had other plans for them. First thing deputy speaker Janet Jagan did after vigorously denying any connection with Communists was to hop aboard a K.L.M. plane just two days before coronation day, for Copenhagen to attend a Communist sponsored women's congress; later she arrived in Bucharest where she met all the connecting links of the Cominform.

At the same time P.P.P. cabinet after boycotting most of the imperialist nonsensical to-dos met in stormy sessions at the Jai Naraine Singhs White House mansion where they decided to frame stinging re-

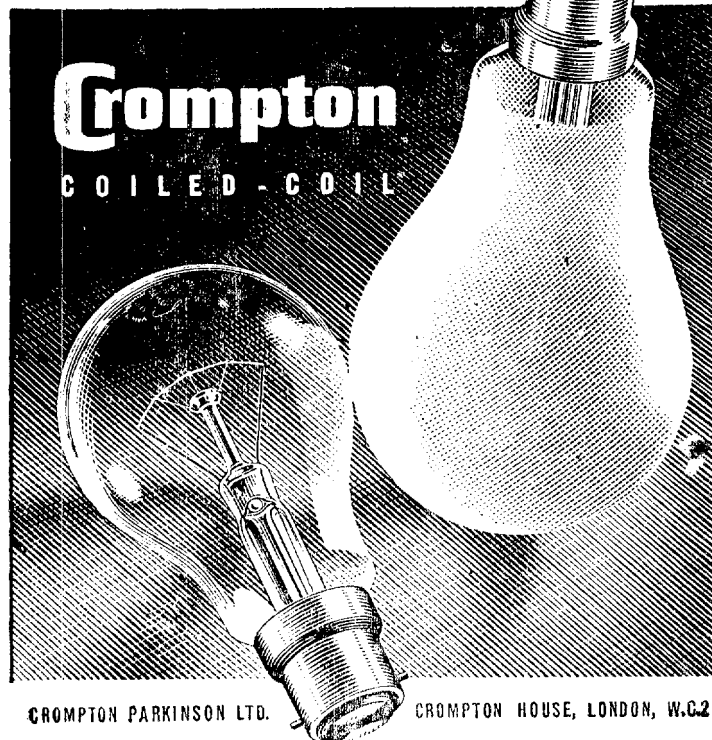
plies to the imperialist representatives. Finally they hatched a document.

In the Speaker's office of the Public Buildings, sage elderly Sir Eustace Gordon Woolford, O.B.E., Q.C., tugged his glasses off his nose when House Leader Dr. Cheddi Jagan gave it to him. He pulled the document right up to his nose to make out the contents. Then he gave a slight cough. It was highly reactionary. Nevertheless he persuaded them to alter it a wee bit but when it hit the table on June 18th last it was still a reactionary all-in-

one document embracing reply to the Queen, the Secretary of State and the Governor. Instead of any formal expression of loyalty to the Queen 'he reply expressed grateful appreciation of her message and the assurance they would strive to bring about the well being of the country. But declared with emphasis "We will remove every obstacle which may be placed in the road to peace, progress and prosperity". In their own vocabulary the word obstacle meant 'Imperialism' with their own meaning, which they declared was responsible for all the



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ills in the country. Then in keeping the Commie line of propaganda about "Peace" they included superfluous references to world affairs in order to bring in South Africa, Malaya and Kenya.

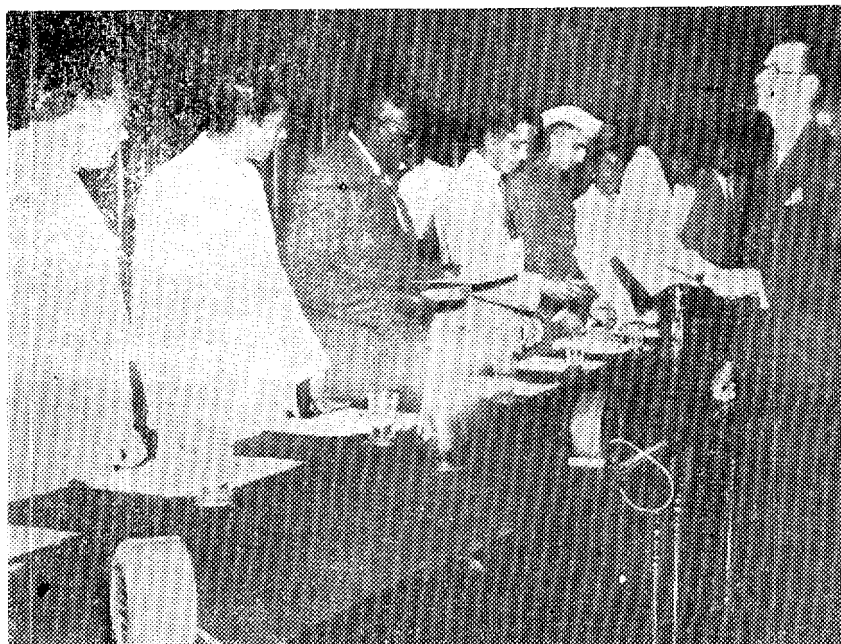
In almost every form of Cominform propaganda directed to colonial peoples a great deal of emphasis is made on these countries about racial discrimination by imperialist oppression against freedom loving native peoples. But when the same record is played in West Indies it crackles. For South Africa's Boers and Kenya's whites have the same identical relation to indigenous population as West Indian Afro-Indian population who came here and met both Amerindians and Whites, and are now occupying the best lands. Racial discrimination in the Windies is strictly between colour shades. Only difference is that Amerindians are dying out while native Africans in Africa are multiplying. When Mau Mau terrorists sneak down on villages of their own people and wipe them out mercilessly, when Chinese Communists sweep down on defenceless Malaysians and massacre them out they are both highlighted as freedom loving people eliminating imperialist stooges, but when the Government takes counter active measures, cry goes up about imperialist oppression by exploiters. Thus the new B.G. Government expressed words of appreciation to Sir Winston Churchill in efforts to ease world tension and hoped Sir Winston will show some initiative "in bringing about the end of racial discrimination and ruthless oppression in South Africa, Malaya and Kenya".

Next they declared "we harbour no illusions about the nominated State Council which can only serve the purpose of curbing the will of the people — a reactionary and undemocratic purpose". Also they condemned the three officials in the House and the Governor's veto. This was in keeping with the line to get rid of any form of checks and balances in the constitution and substitute therewith a government by a party caucus like the Communist party of Russia and China and rule by decrees in the so-called name of 'the working class'. Then came the

most unkindest cut of all. "The new government has been handed the fairly good financial position by the old order. However it is fully conscious of the legacy of privation, malnutrition, unemployment and disease bequeath to us by the old order. "Yet strangely enough without putting forward any plans of their own blissfully unmindful that the Old Order initiated the World Bank they now pinned their entire hopes on the World Bank in order to get to out-do the old adminis-

tional syllable their government speakers dropped and welter of suckteeth sounds and stewed faces when opposition members spoke they carried nothing new into the Council. Said speaker Sir Eustace "I'm giving them a chance to get emotions off their minds. They'll learn".

First to bob up was youthful Mohammed Khan, who for his youthful 23 years hardly did anything else for a living in his native Skeldon, but sell commie literature and spill



Taking the oath to the Queen whom P.P.P. later blamed for all the country's imperialist ills.

ation which initiated the move. Next although previously describing all foreign investors operating in the country as plunderers and exploiters they issued a clarion call to others to come to the country but at the same time switched from beggars to choosers with "relationship of capital and labour must not be based as hitherto on the whims of the capitalists but on the recognised rights of the workers". Then the debate began.

DEBATE

The first debate in the New House was an extended version of the same street corner demagoguery, that carried the party into power. With a gallery crowded with supporters that cheered every emo-

commie propaganda for P.P.P. at Skeldon. Hence he knew by heart all the trite sayings, all the famous quotations from Soviet news literature he sold. First thing he did was to blaze forth with disquieting references to the Queen as though she was responsible for all the bad imperialist things in the world to all the colonies. It got so bad that the A.G. lost his patience and cut to call him to order for introducing the Queen into politics. Then Mohamed switched to a lengthy recitation chapter and verse of the famous U.N. Bill of human rights to prove that British Guiana should have self-government. As if haranguing his Skeldon sugar estate admirers he bellowed down the

chamber "I would like to know who is responsible for the economic backwardness of the colony — the sugar gods, from their influence on the Government and on other boards and committees have been stifling the existing industries".

Mohammed sat down after two hours to the cheering gallery as all the others egged on by the gallery followed the same theme; that the country had the greatest amount of poverty, malnutrition, unemployment and oppression than anywhere else in the world and the principal miscreants were the exploiting sugar industry and the imperialist British. Minister Sydney King again brought in world politics and heaped condemnation on America for creating the present world tension. Said he "President Truman's broadcast had boasted that America was improving an atomic weapon which was most destructive which showed that America as not as peace-loving as she tried to make out".

Finally that day they used their great voting strength to push through a resolution asking the Governor to cable President Eisenhower to show clemency for the Rosenbergs awaiting the electric chair for selling their nations atomic secrets to Russia.

Next day the press put old Harry on them as a bunch of irresponsible political charlatans with their disgusting ideologies. So they came in council that day like setting hens. First thing Leader Jagan did was to lash out at **Daily Argosy** for caustic observations on the debate and threatened to ban the editor and its representatives from the chamber. Only a few months before he had been preaching liberty and freedom of expression.

Minority group leader Ruddy Kendall joined the press in a go for the Government boys. He complained "They didn't even give us an opportunity to study the document put pushed it through as the wishes of the House". Earlier realising that the government forces had refused to move any loyalty message to the Queen he introduced a motion to this effect. Said Speaker Woolford, "Those in favour say aye those against say No. Ayes came only from the six minority men and

silence from the others. Said Speaker Woolford "The Ayes have it".

Assemblyman Kendall declared their references to world affairs were highly irrelevant and reminded them of the last Governor's farewell speech, the substantial financial position, the tremendous increase in living standards re-

flected in the great increased importation of bicycles, radios etc., and everything that goes to improve living standard besides the increased number of saving bank depositories.

Next Chief Secretary John Gutch hit out at them for their bitterness and recrimination contained in their message and



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POLITICS

speeches. What puzzled him was that they now had the government in hand and instead of putting forward plans for righting every wrong they met, all they were doing was looking back. Assemblyman Tommy Wheating quoted the meaning of the word 'Imperialism' from the Oxford concise dictionary and added 'If Imperialism is used in the real meaning it's not so bad after all'.

Up bounced P.P.P. man Ramkarran. He objected to the dictionary definition. It was wrong. Assemblyman Theo Lee rose to great heights when he told them in other terms they were making children of themselves. Then remarked that if Assemblyman Persaud in his cussing off of the sugar industry had been properly briefed by his leader he would not have made certain erroneous statements that he did. "But" said he "the honourable member is ignorant of the fact". This brought Assemblyman Persaud to his feet. He objected to the use of the word ignorant.

Said the Speaker "The honourable member is merely saying you are not cognisant of that fact."

"No Sir "The honourable member is saying I am an ignorant person"....."

Three weeks later deputy speaker Janet Jagan returned from her 'Iron Curtain' trip with a huge pile of communist literature. In graphic details she told gaping pressmen what a wonderful workers paradise was Hungary. There was so much work available they were looking for people from outside. There were so many hospitals and creches around and each had so many doctors she thought them overstaffed. That the medical service was far superior to any she encountered in her native U.S.A. but she omitted to mention Hungary was now a Russian colony.

Same day P.P.P. Government with plans for removing subversive literature law from statute books lifted ban on all leftist people deemed undesirable by previous ex-co thus making the country a free entry port for all communist agents paving the way for the sovietisation of British Guiana.

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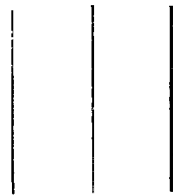
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